

CAMPUS WIDE

ORIENTATION ISSUE 1997



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THE INNIS HERALD

Campus Wide Orientation Issue 1997

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Special Thanks: To Renata Catenacci and Trisha Kaplan of SAC Orientation, who made it possible for all incoming students to receive a copy of this campus-wide Frosh issue. Thanks also to all those members of participating UofT Faculties and Colleges who took the time from their busy summer schedules to write articles about what their Colleges and Faculties have to offer.

About the Innis Herald.....

The Innis Herald is the monthly, student-run newspaper of Innis College. The paper is published at the beginning of each month by Centra Web Reproductions. The Innis Herald has an open-letter policy. We reserve the right to edit any submissions containing sexist, racist, ageist, homophobic, libellous or just plain dumb content, in consultation with the author. All writing and artwork must be accompanied by the author's real name and telephone number. Upon request, however, articles may be published under a pseudonym. The views and opinions expressed in the Innis Herald are attributable only to their authors and do not reflect the opinions of the Innis Herald, its staff, or Innis College.

Please deliver or mail submissions and letters to the Editor to room 305 (west wing) at Innis College, or leave them in the Innis Herald Mailbox in room 127 at Innis College. We are located at 2 Sussex Avenue, Toronto ON, M5S 1J5. Our office phone number is 978-4748, or you can fax us at 978-5503.

WELCOME TO THE CAMPUS-WIDE ISSUE

Welcome to this Campus-Wide edition of The Innis Herald. This issue represents a unique experiment for Orientation Week and campus newspapers. We developed this idea of a "campus-wide" Innis Herald as an opportunity for all UofT colleges and willing faculties to contribute to an Orientation issue, in which they each provide an original piece outlining the merits of their particular college or faculty. The purpose of this issue is not for the Colleges to insult each other, but rather to share information about each other from a student perspective. Although you are doubtless bombarded by literature about UofT at the present time, we urge you to remember that the majority of this other literature is written by administration. Each article printed in the Herald has been written by students, for students, with their interests in mind. By reading about each college, we hope that new students will learn about the University of Toronto as a whole. Keep in mind that although each of you belongs to a specific college or faculty, many of the people you will meet at University belong to different ones. By familiarizing yourself with the goals and opportunities of other colleges you will be able to share the experiences of the new friends you meet.

The second half of the Orientation issue contains a condensed version of most of the Innis Herald's regular sections. The articles contained herein are geared toward Frosh and students new to the city of Toronto. We hope that you find some informative articles of interest to you in this issue.

WELCOME TO ORIENTATION 1997

Does Size Matter?

Cass Enright and Antonia Yee

"Size Matters." This was the original slogan for Orientation Week 1997. As you will quickly notice, however, it is not what is written on your hat shirt and other SAC memorabilia. It now reads "Better Than the Real World." The original slogan was conceived and subsequently eradicated by SAC Orientation Coordinators Renata Catenacci and Trisha Kaplan. "Size Matters" seemed like a fitting phrase to represent the University of Toronto. Although the University of Toronto is often criticized for its large population and anonymity, Renata and Trish decided to manipulate this criticism in order to reveal UofT's size as a positive aspect of the school. The sheer volume of students at the University of Toronto allows room for cultural diversity and a respect for it, as well as the opportunity for almost every conceivable student interest to be represented.

This type of representation is impossible at smaller universities. The original concept for Orientation Week was planned on a grand scale to demonstrate UofT's size and for the incoming students to develop an appreciation for being a part of Canada's largest university.

The phrase "Size Matters" possesses, however, an obvious sexual undertone, which would aid its popularity among the students. When asked about the phrase in relation to its sexual connotations, Trisha vehemently defended the original slogan: "It doesn't mean, 'ha ha, you have big tits, you'll make it in university'". A SAC Orientation advertising solicitation was printed and mailed in early summer with the "Size Matters" slogan prominent on the cover. Renata and Trisha asked the potential sponsors if they took any offense to the slogan. No negative criticism was received from companies who considered and/or decided to contribute to SAC Orientation. According to Renata, some companies even called to say how much they loved the advertising campaign, adding that they had hung the ad-package on their office walls. Even church groups responded positively to the playfulness of the slogan.

The opposition to "Size Matters" came from within the University. The Women's Centre said that it lacked imagination. Student Affairs informed Renata and Trisha that, in their opinion, people would find the slogan offensive. However, up to this point there had not been any verbal opposition to it. Renata and Trisha were never ordered to change the slogan, but SAC Executive wished to avoid potential controversy and felt that a new theme might be more appropriate to the public eye, despite the enthusiasm of the corporate sponsors.

Although they are disappointed with the elimination of the "Size Matters" logo, Renata and Trisha are very happy with the current slogan and theme. Renata confessed that her experience as SAC Orientation Coordinator has led her to respect the new slogan even more: "I think the real world wasn't a very nice place....Being a student is the life....and that's what it's about". Nevertheless, Trisha enthusiastically added "But I think that 'Size Matters' has this extra 'oomph'...it's smart. Very, very smart".

The Innis Herald asked Renata and Trisha to contribute an article to this issue of The Herald. An article was written, yet it was never submitted. It outlined the difficulties encountered with the "Size Matters" slogan and the process of changing to a new slogan. The article was first submitted to the SAC Executive who, although they "individually read it and loved it," ordered Renata and Trisha not to give it to The Herald for publication. The SAC Executive objected to the sexual references sprinkled throughout the article, and appeared not to want the controversy discussed or publicized at all.

Renata admitted that she and Trisha "did take a lot of risks with that article. I mean it was funny; funny as hell," and stated that she understands SAC's position. However, as she aptly pointed out, when you are sponsoring a university, size does matter. With size, comes a bigger market share.

Renata closed her statements with a personal comment on the new, and final, slogan, sighing:

"Being a student leader is not better than the real world, but being a student is."

SIZE MATTERS

WELCOME TO CANADA'S BIGGEST

University of Toronto Orientation 97

BETTER THAN THE REAL WORLD...



SAC Orientation Coordinators Trisha Kaplan and Renata Catenacci.

Would you like to write for the Herald? If so, come to our first general meeting on Thursday, September 11, at 6pm in Town Hall at Innis College. This meeting is open to all UofT students. The Herald welcomes photographers, artists, writers and computer gurus. Show up and share your ideas!

SAC DAY CARNIVAL ORIENTATION * 9T7

JOIN US SEPTEMBER FIFTH ON FRONT CAMPUS BETWEEN 12 AND 5 PM
FOR AMUSEMENT PARK TYPE RIDES, FREE FOOD,

WACKY GAMES, TONS OF GIVEAWAYS AND LIVE MUSIC FEATURING:

12:15- 1:15 PM: **WIDE MOUTH MASON**-they're gonna be BIG so see them here first'.

1:30-2:15 PM: **DAYNA MANNING**-straight from Lilith Fair!

2:30-3:15 PM: **LINDY-THE FIRESTARTER!** (o.k another inside 'oke)
AND THE

3:30-5:00 PM: **MAHONES**-from Kingston, Celtic beats-you know the type

BUT IT DOESN'T STOP THERE....

THE HANGAR (YOUR CAMPUS BAR, POOL HALL, ARCADE, MOVIE THEATRE, AND NIGHT CLUB) IS READY TO SERVE
YOU... CAN YOU DANCE 'TIL DAWN?

7:30 - JOIN US FOR A FREE BBQ ON THE HANGAR'S GREAT PATIO.

9:00 **THE FUN BEGINS!**

HOUSE DJ INSIDE THE HANGAR SPINS FROM 9 UNTIL YOU CAN'T DANCE ANYMORE.

FRONT PATIO ON ST. GEORGE STREET FEATURES BANDS LIKE:

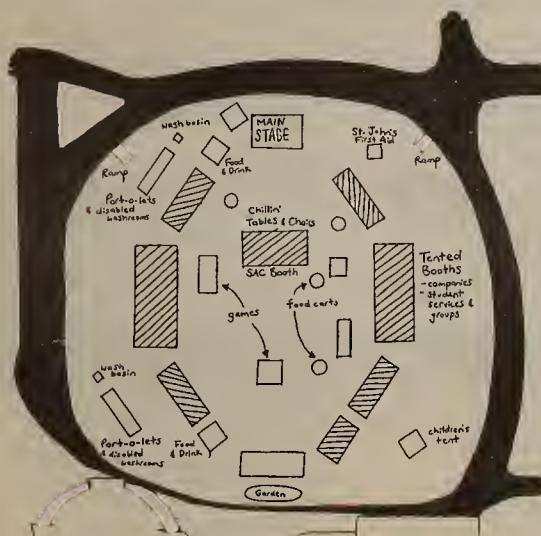
9:30 PM: **GRAHAM KIRKLAND**-drums on recycling bins, cans, streetcars...I wonder what he'll do tonight?

11:00 PM: **KAT ROCKET**-alternative rock with a local twist!

THE BACK PATIO WILL BE LICENSED AND FEATURE LESS TRADITIONAL ENTERTAINMENT (JUST YOU WAIT AND SEE!!!)

(band line up subject to change... welcome to U of T).

Map of Front Campus for the SAC Carnival, Friday, September 5



10 Things I Wish I Had Known when I was Frosh

W.N. O'Higgins

Stay Ahead--You have been told that the workload is intense, but you may not know what that means. You may even find a week in September when everything seems pretty easy. Don't be fooled, it is just the calm before the storm. Every prof thinks that you have nothing better to do, in fact nothing to do at all except study for his or her course. It is not true that the sooner you fall behind the longer you have to catch up. Once you are behind you may never get back on the ball, so try to stay as far ahead as you can, because when crunch time hits you do not want to get swamped.

Sex, Drugs and Rock 'n' Roll--Actually, I knew about these things before I started, but there is a lot of freedom at University, and these things can get out of hand in a hurry. With so many people directing their lives with reduced parental influence, there is a tendency to go crazy. If you're not careful though, you could end up in an awful lot of trouble by overdoing any of these things (well, the jury is still out on rock 'n' roll). Moderation, or reasonable excess, is key. If you are worried about drinking too much, set your limits before you go out and stick to them.

Ask For Help--No one is so capable that they can't use help from time to time. It doesn't matter how smart you are. University is not about how smart you are, but about how much you know. Ask questions of your professors, in class and during their office hours. If you are more than a number to them then your success will increase. Ask T.A.s (teaching assistants) questions, it's what they're there for. The more questions you ask, the more you know, and the better your chances are for staying awake and being successful. Fellow students are also a resource, use them. You can even get the University to help you. If you need something, chances are that the University already has a free program in place to meet your need; all you have to do is find it.

If You Can't Succeed, Give Up--This doesn't sound very sporting, but the academic drop dates come up fast. A fifty might be a pass, but it will hurt your average. Be reasonable, any thought following a mid-term that sounds like "If I get 80% on the next test then..." is a warning sign.

Study--This isn't high school any more. You will have to crack a book to do well, and the expectations are a lot higher than even the best high schools--and you may be unlucky enough to have gone to one with lower standards than others. If you don't know how to study (I didn't) then you can call the Counseling and Learning Skills Service (978-7970) and they can help you out. Even if you think you know how to study, these folks can probably help.

Don't Panic--Things get crazy in a hurry. Before lighting yourself on fire, relax, talk to someone, ask for help, advice or a shoulder to cry on, and then continue. When things seems hopeless, hope.

Stay Close--Living off campus may be a necessity, but if you can, stay close. If you have to spend two hours a day commuting you will meet fewer people, get less done and have less fun. With the rising costs of education you have to get the most out of your time, and just going to class is not getting your money's worth.

Plan Your Time--Your class schedule will have somewhere between 10 and 35 hours of class in it. There are 168 hours in a week. That is a lot of unstructured time to play with. The single most important thing you can learn at University is time management (my opinion). Make lists, keep schedules, plan your time and then use it wisely. This is not easy, as it takes a lot of discipline to say you are going to study from 7 to 9, and then do it. The Learning Skills people can help you here too (their number is still 978-7970).

Get Involved--There is a lot more to an education than class. Go out to Frosh Week, meet people, play an intramural or Varsity sport, join a club, run for government, write for the paper (hint) or find something else. The advantage to a big University is that it is full of people. Enjoy them.

Mental Notes--Things get busy in a hurry. I used to write mental notes to myself all through high school, but when I got here I was too busy to remember them all. I now write everything down, and it has helped a lot. Some of these notes to yourself may seem a bit stupid (canned pineapple and Spam makes a bad breakfast, call Mom, go to class, bathe), but they can help a lot.

colleges and faculties

WELCOME TO ENGINEERING!

Joe McNamara, MEK 9T9.
Orientation Chair 9T1

Well, to all those who have decided to grace their eyes with this spectacular article: I thank you, and hope you continue reading despite my obviously biased opinion. I also hope to enlighten you in the realm of the world that I call Engineering, and hope that you realize that I'm not really this egotistical, and have written this as a humorous, but (hopefully) informative article.

In the beginning of time here at the University, God said "Let there be light". But since God had already done this, someone up there decided that they would create SPS instead. Hence, the University of Toronto was born, then known as SCHOOL of PRACTICAL SCIENCE, a.k.a. ENGINEERING. As time proceeded, the lonely men (and very few women) of Engineering asked God for help. The Engineers needed someone new to complain to about their immense course load, hours of homework and loneliness (and someone to play pranks on). So God obliged the Engineers by creating the Faculty of Arts.

Now almost 125 years after the opening days of SPS, the University of Toronto has become the largest in Canada, and demonstrates to the world the amazing intellect of Canada's youth. But the rest of the University now prays to God to do something, anything, about "those damned Engineers!"

Well I'm sorry to say that we aren't going anywhere, but we do encourage you to get to know us better and perhaps join us in some of our events. The Eng. Soc. Office is located inside the basement of the Sir Sandford Fleming building (the one just south of Convocation Hall), near the cafeteria. This is the heart and brain of the Engineering Society and any questions you have regarding the events that we are running or participating in should be directed here. The phone number is 416-978-2917.

Well, now that I have made my one serious paragraph for this write up, I will continue with the not so serious, but hopefully funny article. If you don't find anything funny here, you can always laugh at my writing abilities, or lack thereof, because everyone knows that Engineers in general can't write worth a damn, unless it's in numbers and integrals and all that calculus crap. But back to the point of this accumulation of words that I call an article. Some of the events that we hope to involve other Campuses, Colleges and Faculties in throughout the year include: SUDS, the Engineering Pre-Pub Pub, open every day during FIROSH WEEK and almost every Friday throughout the year. The Bar is located in the cafeteria of the Sir Sandford Fleming building. We open at around 3:00 p.m. and remain open as long as we still have sober staff to work, and sometimes longer than that. SUDS is an all ages pub and has a multitude of BEvERages, alcoholic and non. There are smoking sections for those of you who choose to pollute your lungs with tar and nicotine, as I do. So come out and enjoy the music and the laid back attitude of the Engineers as we drown our sorrows in whatever may be placed in front of us, and see why our hymn revolves around the act of consuming alcohol. Club passes and coupons are available here.

FIROSH WEEK brings on some of the best Engineering events of the year. Although most of these events are geared towards the Engineering FIROSH, we have an event Wednesday, September 3rd that we hope will bring in people from all over the University. Picture, if you will, the sun setting across the Toronto skyline, all the FIROSH are preparing themselves for a night out on the town. Some of them know where they are going with their Colleges, some of them don't. While all these FIROSH are getting ready, the Engineering students are preparing for the **BEST DAMNED PARTY OF THE WEEK!** At about 9:00 p.m. the doors of the NORTH ST. LAWRENCE MARKET (Front and Jarvis) open to the sound of DJ Ian from CFNY blasting his alternative dance mix into an oncoming crowd of 1000 plus students. After the students of ALL AGES enter the hall and pay their small door charge of \$3, the night begins. The BEvERages include pop, beer, ciders, and Mike's hard lemonade. All prices are reasonably low (the same or less than the cover charge) and there will even be pizza later in the night. As the 1000 plus people dance, mingle, and meet each other, the music continues to rock the house 'till all hours, and everyone goes home happy. So in my own subtle way, what I'm trying to say is, **GET OFF YOUR ASS AND COME OUT TO FIROSH NITE, DAMN IT!** (That's right this event is called FIROSH NITE; that means it is organized for the sole purpose of you FIROSH coming out to meet each other.) The next event that I wish to write about is not an event that we, the Engineers, organize, but are the sole participants. I am referring to the one and only float parade in October. This of course is the homecoming parade where the Engineers spend all their time and effort in building a large, impressive display of woodwork and paint. Then we grace the rest of the University with its presence as we travel around KING'S COLLEGE CIRCLE with that world famous Engineering BAND (actually spelled BNAD)—THE LADY GODIVA MEMORIAL BNAD! (LGM) Now we are not upset at the fact that no one else bothers to build a float, but we are hoping that perhaps this year we will see some of you FIROSH get involved, and persuade your college into building a float to challenge and rival ours. In fact, I am personally issuing a challenge to all other Colleges and Faculties on campus to get involved, and build a float. For all those that may be interested, but need more information, please don't hesitate to contact the Engineering Society, and ask for me, Joe McNamara. I will be glad to give you any information that we can provide you with. The number at Eng. Soc. is 416-978-2917. Now since we are in the month of October, we can't forget the road trip to Blingmans for OKTOBERFEST. 'NUFF SAID. Watch for the signs in Engineering Land.

Since I am on the topic of challenges, I can't forget to mention EAA. EAA or the Engineering Athletic Association is one of the finest on campus. Last year we demonstrated this by capturing over ten championships throughout the year. So if you aren't the type for drinking, or building and painting, or being that loud and obnoxious spirited leader, you can always participate in the University Intermurals. This is another type of event that we always look forward to a good challenge in, and we hope to see the number of athletes involved increase again this year.

Now I would like to direct a paragraph to all the other Colleges and Faculties on campus. As Orientation Chair, I always encourage healthy and fun rivalries to exist, especially during FIROSH WEEK, but I truly hope that no one on campus takes them too seriously. The chants and sayings that come out during the campus tours are all made in good fun, and are meant to do nothing more than spur the rivalries on a little. ERTV. Furthermore, I would like to say (ERTV) that I hope none of the Engineers truly believe that "ENGINEERS RULE THE WORLD" (ERTV), because we don't. We just like to think that.

So remember that we are here to have as much fun as anyone else is, and encourage everyone to participate in orientation and get involved with something else besides their studies. Your University career should not only provide you with a good education, and new friends for life, but also with new experiences outside of your education. So one last time, get involved with your colleges and faculties, and remember that we are here to help others, as much as we are here to help ourselves.

The University of Toronto Engineering Society, a.k.a. Eng. Soc., or SKULE™ (yes, we've got a trademark), is located in the south central part of campus. We have an undergraduate student population of approximately 5000. We will continue to plague the university with our pranks, nocturnal events, and anything else we can think of that might bother, annoy, distract or generally perturb others on campus. But we do not discourage others from attempting to top our pranks, (all in good fun, of course). However, we do not wish to see feeble attempts at this through senseless violence or vandalism. Show us something original and resourceful and we will be glad to return the favour. Just ask SAC.

This is my last paragraph, don't worry I'm happy about it too, and I would like to apologize to anyone that I may have offended, or any blasphemous, yet humorous comments that I have made. For all those people who feel that this apology is not enough, please send your complaints and/or homemade devices to the complaints department:

12 Hart House Circle
Toronto, Ontario
M5S 1A2
c/o Ted Salgado

ERINDALE COLLEGE

Duncan Koerber, Editor-in-chief

The Medium, the Voice of the University of Toronto at Mississauga

No campus at U of T is quite like Erindale. Erindale's differences stem very much from its location—surrounded on all sides with thick forests and to the west, the winding Credit River. The aged forests are contrasted by the relatively new, modern-looking ("monolithic" to some) South Building, which houses most of Erindale's classes as well as the athletic facilities and the library. The sparkling Kanefi Centre is new, in use since 1994 for psychology, political science, and management students, among others.

The enclosed campus creates a sense of Erindale being its own little world, without much interaction with the outside community. The suburban sprawl of houses for as far as the eye can see encourages that closed-in feeling. The hustle and bustle of downtown is nowhere to be found; however, this isn't necessarily a negative feature—personal tastes will vary. The majority of Erindale's students are commuters, which naturally creates a feeling of detachment.

Losing time travelling to and from school, added to a full course load, makes the majority of these commuters think that they don't have any time to get involved. Pride in school may be high, but it isn't noticeable on an everyday basis. Students have to take the initiative to get involved in the many Erindale clubs to ensure that their four years will be remembered for more than just the coursework. Also, Erindale is the biggest single college at U of T, so the sheer number of students can be intimidating to some, creating a place where students can be forgotten or literally and figuratively "lost in the crowd."

The campus itself began inauspiciously in the late 1960s. The inaugural class had to survive for about six years with only the North Building (not much more spectacular than the average high school), and one small phase of residences. The first class of residence students arrived to find their lodgings had not yet been completed. Some students were forced to live in nearby motels, or in the physical education shed (which is now Theatre Erindale). Ahhh, how times have changed. Now the campus is meticulously landscaped ("heaven on earth" if you ignore the massive paved parking lots) and contains five phases of residence (a sixth is planned). Also, a new student centre is scheduled to be built in the next few years.

As mentioned before, getting involved in a club or council is really the only way to get something out of Erindale beyond the classroom. Getting involved takes initiative because no one is going to push you into anything. Unlike at some other universities (particularly in the United States) where the majority of students live in rez and have to get involved (whether that means running a council or attending the pub) or risk sitting alone in their dorm room each night, Erindale students can skip the extracurricular side of things if they really want to.

A tip for frosh: get involved in your campus paper. At Erindale, it's one of the few organizations or clubs that doesn't require you to be of a certain ethnic background, or sex. You will stay in touch with the latest news on campus, gain valuable writing experience, and help produce a tangible product each week (yet, something to make your parents proud while they wait for you to graduate). At Erindale, the campus paper is *The Medium* which is entering its 24th year of publication. Before *The Medium*, the Erindalean (run by the student council) reported on campus news for approximately five years. *The Medium* is a weekly paper, and a nonprofit, student-run corporation with no affiliation with the administration or the student council. Six section editors slave over hot computers every weekend to get the paper done on time. We always need writers, photographers, or people to talk to. It's unbelievable how hard it is to publish a 16- to 20-page paper each week without the help of many, many volunteers... (I'll cut this short because soon the Herald will ask me to buy an ad for all this publicity.) Have a good year and don't be the class loner, get involved!

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INNIS COLLEGE

Antonia Yee & Cass Enright

We know that people have a lot of preconceptions about both Innis College and Innis Students. We are writing here to dispel these myths.

Myth 1: Innis College is full of 'artsy freaks'. We don't deny that this describes most of us, but we'd also like to point out that admittance to Innis requires the highest high school entrance marks of any College at UofT. Our residence is the newest and most technologically advanced on campus, and twenty-five percent of its inhabitants are students from Engineering and other Professional Faculties. We're just a bunch of bright and misunderstood kids.

Myth 2: Innis students are apathetic, lethargic, and nearly comatose. Although Innis is the smallest college at UofT, with less than 1300 students, we have a strong student involvement and commitment. We have several clubs and societies, both academic, and, ugh, less than academic. The Cinema Studies Student Union (CINSSU) is extremely active and, along with SAC, presents the Free Friday Night Films series all year long. Among the films screened last year were *Troispièces*, *Crash* and *Kingdom*. Several times during the year, the Innis Town Hall plays host to sneak previews of big-name films. You can see them at Innis before you can at commercial theatres! The Environmental Studies Union (ENSU) organizes and maintains an excellent recycling and waste reduction program at Innis, making us the Green College! The Urban Studies Society (USS) organizes debates, lectures, career seminars, workshops and other social events. All of these societies welcome both non-Innis students and students who are not enrolled in these programs; all you need is an interest to join! Among our less academic clubs, we have the Innis Beer Connoisseurs Society (IBCS). This club is dedicated to the appreciation of the world's finer beers. The purpose of this club is not to get drunk, but to enjoy fine beers in moderation. Every year our students have the opportunity to create their own clubs (and receive a budget) to satisfy student interest. In the past we have had an Asian Film Club, a knitting club, a paint-ball club, a ski club and numerous role-playing clubs. Moreover, Innis is proud to coordinate and host U of T Night, also better known as Liquid Thursdays at Majic, located at Dundas and McCaul. Because Innis is such a small college, it encourages a strong sense of community and friendship. At Innis it is possible to know almost everyone at the College.

Myth 3: Innis students are generally incompetent. One of the unique features of Innis is its governing structure. Nearly all aspects of the College are run by the Innis College Council (ICC), in which students have representation equal to that of faculty and administration combined. This means that students' opinion is a key factor in all decisions about Innis' role and function as a College of the University of Toronto. For example, Innis students help decide both the amount and stipulations of awards and scholarships, as well as which of their peers are worthy of them. We have input into academic affairs, and help decide which courses will be offered. In addition, we make decisions about the physical structure of the College and what type of decor and furniture we want.

Myth 4: The Innis Residence is a beach volleyball court. The UofT Sands is the land where Innis' old rez, Vladimir House, once stood. The building grew so old, that it just fell apart. There was really not much for the demolition crews to tear down. Innis decided that it was time for a change, and with this in mind, we built St. George's newest and only apartment style residence at 111 St. George. Each suite houses four to five students in single bedrooms with a common room and a kitchenette. Our residence features twenty-four hour front-door security, big screen TVs, pool tables, a ping-pong table, a weight room, in-house laundry facilities, our very own variety store, and each room has a hardwired Internet connection. And, it's clean.

Myth 5: The Innis Herald does not exist. In the past, students at UofT have made numerous cracks about the Innis Herald suggesting a general disbelief about the Paper's existence. Clearly, these people are wrong. The fact that you are reading this proves it.

colleges and faculties

Explorer!

Welcome to the exciting academic neighbourhood of Innis College. Whether you live on or off campus, there are many resources here at Innis designed to ensure your success. The Office of the Coordinator of Student Services and Registrar is one very useful resource and a good place to start when you want information and advice. But the connections you make with professors of the College and with students can also be invaluable to your success here. And you will find our Writing Centre, our Math Aid Centre, our Multimedia Centre and our Library useful resources for sharpening your academic skills. If at times a university's richness and size of ours seems to overwhelm you, remember that you have joined a college that is interested in seeing you thrive and make a contribution. And if you have questions—academic, personal, financial, career-related, even unformed—be assured that the Office of the Coordinator of Student Services and Registrar stands ready to assist you in any way possible.

We at Innis College are here to make your life, and the lives of friends you have not even met yet, full and rewarding. We want to see you succeed, and this means we will do what we can to be participants in, as well as spectators to, your success.

Donald Boere, Innis College Coordinator of Student Services and Registrar.

NEW COLLEGE: WHAT'S UP FROM GOLIATH

Superman, man of steel? Ha! Hercules? No match for me! Einstein? $E=mc^2$, I could've thought of that! Michael Jackson? Who do ya think taught him to moonwalk? You're probably wondering who is wonderful, strong, witty, smart, and let's not forget, good-looking. Have I got your imagination running wild? Good! I'm on the right track. Come to Orientation at NEW, watch me closely and be AMAZED!!!

Can you keep a secret? I'm not like everyone else that hangs out at UofT, I'm a little different. You probably figured that out from the intro. So here goes...I'm gonna tell you the truth. Can ya handle it? Sure? I'm a GNU. Now you're wondering what is a GNU? Well, I'll let you look that up in a dictionary, after all, you're in university! I'm New College's mascot and I lounge at the New College Student Council (NCSC) office, Rm. 136 with all those cool cats. Meow! come visit me and we can chill. Need someone to listen? Need someone to talk to? Need someone to party with? Drop by NCSC and they'll tell you what's happening around NEW and the rest of the university. A challenge anyone? Put on your thinking caps and get out your Sherlock--homie magnifying glasses and try to find me during orientation week. I'm the one with the 'Terminator' shades and the funky yet trendy polka dot shorts. One more thing, I'm Michael Jordan's long lost twin brother!

I was told to write something inspiring, thought-provoking and something that doesn't bore you to death. I said, "Me boring? Never!" On a more serious note, I'd like to welcome you to the University of Toronto--are we "bigger than the rest" or are we "better than the real world"? I think we're both. We're a university that you should feel proud to be part of. Come to think of it...without you guys, there wouldn't be a U of T.

So you're in a new environment? Things are different. Things are changing. What are you going to do? In two words, ADJUST and CONQUER. At NEW college, there are a lot of cool, comfy places to lounge around in. As well, there are a lot of friendly people who'll try to make you feel at home: starting with the Dean of Students (you can call her Dean Ann), our friendly neighborhood Principal Clandfield, the NCSC (your complementary set of friends), the Registrars (a.k.a. the 'wise ones') and the list goes on...

Here's a song you should know before FROSH WEEK:

Our College has a short name! It's N.E.W./ Our College has a mascot/and he's a GNU/ We skip our classes every day/ So we can roll around in hay/ Cause our college has a way/ With P.A.R.T.Y. all day!

We'll test you! By the way, during Frosh Week, you'll meet some freaky, weird, out-of-their-mind characters. Don't worry, they're a friendly bunch. They're your Frosh Leaders. They'll show you the ropes and they'll lead you on the right track...hopefully. A plus is that they're oodles of fun. Come meet yours at Orientation '97 where The Legend Continues...

Dinner's ready? The games have begun. It's time for you to join the party.

SCARBOROUGH COLLEGE

Vinitha Gengatharan, SCSC VP-Administration & Orientation Coordinator '97

On behalf of the Scarborough Campus Students' Council (SCSC), I would like to welcome you to the University of Toronto. You have chosen one of the world's greatest universities with over 160 years of significant contribution to higher education and society.

Make the most of your experience at the University of Toronto at Scarborough. Get involved - it will make you a well rounded individual, as well as turn you into an invaluable employee in the work place. Most of all, remember - not all education takes place in the classroom and it doesn't necessarily end when we graduate.

One of the ways students at the University of Toronto at Scarborough can get involved is via the Scarborough Campus Students' Council (SCSC). The SCSC is the full-time and part-time student body representative at the University of Toronto at Scarborough. Our prime directive is to ensure that students are provided with services and activities that will enhance the university experience. Together, we act as the voice to administration on issues concerning academics, student services, tuition, safety and health and much more. The SCSC consists of a President, two Vice-Presidents, six Commissioners, and 13 Year Representatives, all elected by the University of Toronto at Scarborough students to serve and represent them. The SCSC offices are in room R-3042, and you are welcome to drop in to meet your Council members. Here is how you can get in touch with us!!!

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Who's who in SCSC

The Executives: President, Michelle Zathureczky, 287-7046; V.P. Administration, Vinitha Gengatharan, 287-7042; V.P. Finance, James David Powell, 287-7050

The Commissioners: Academic Affairs, Lynda Innes, 287-7043; Communications, Jean Paul Salchi, 287-7045; Cultural Affairs, Andrea Moffat, 287-7063; Part-Time, To Be Announced, 287-7044; Services, Mike Chwalek, 287-7043; Social, To Be Announced, 287-7044

Year Representatives: First Year, To Be Announced, 287-7031; Second Year, Ariele Culaba, 287-7031; Isabel Lee, 287-7031; Dave Santiago, 287-7031; Third Year, Adnan Choudhry, 287-7031; Patrick Garcia, 287-7031; Seema Shorey, 287-7031; Fourth Year, Rose Bellosillo, 287-7031; Chrys Pelegris, 287-7031

Other Representatives: Speaker of the House, Abbas Hussain, 287-7047; SAC Representative, Erin Service, 287-7615; SCAA Representative, Lee Hindle, 287-7096; SVC Representative, Monique Wilson, 287-7605; Office Manager, Elvie Estrella, 287-7048

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colleges and faculties

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

A College in the Catholic tradition, St. Michael's is one of the oldest and is the largest of the University of Toronto's Arts and Science colleges located on the (downtown) St. George campus. Today, approximately 3,500 full-time students are enrolled in the College, 750 in first year. The Student-Faculty Centre, located in Brennan Hall, is a focal point for many campus activities. It contains a large cafeteria (the coop), student government offices and a roomy and relaxing lounge. The lounge provides a pleasant setting for students and faculty, as well as for concerts, forums, pubs, dances, and art exhibits. Alumni Hall houses a professionally equipped theatre, which is the site for productions by the College dramatic society. St. Michael's College Student's Union offers many services to the students of St. Michael's College. There are many events and activities that are organized specifically for your interests, including the recognition of campus clubs and the organization of intramural sports. The Mike, a newspaper operated by an independent corporation whose shareholders are undergraduates at St. Michael's, is published bi-weekly and welcomes student artists, writers and photographers. The student union sponsors The Grammaton, the College literary journal which publishes the poetry, stories and artwork of St. Michael's students. Students are welcome to become involved in the College yearbook, the Debating Union, and the stage presentations of the Theatre Society. Many College cultural organizations, such as the Celtic Arts Society, and the Italian Club, coordinate theatrical productions and other social events to broaden understanding of their unique heritages. The student-run social planning committee, the Double Blue, plans many events, such as the Double Blue formal and regular pub throughout the year. They are always in need of students with ideas who want to help organize social activities. Intramural athletics are also a large part of student life at St. Michael's: men's and women's sports teams such as football, hockey, soccer, basketball and volleyball are very spirited. St. Michael's College Student Union (SMCSU—pronounced smi-ssoo) is working hard to plan and organize the very best in student services and events which include: the cheapest photocopies on campus, IBM computer services (word processing and internet access), SMC clothing for bargain price, old exams, awesome pubs with DJ's and live bands, movie nights, B.B.Q.'s, Kelly's Korner, Intramural Athletics, FREE SMILES, and much, much more!! SMCSU is located in lower Brennan, next to the student lounge.

Get involved—the experience makes life at St. Michael's all the richer.

TRINITY COLLEGE (I.E. TORONTO'S OXBRIDGE)

James 'Filo' Cann

I would like to extend a warm welcome to the first class of the new millennium, the class of 2001! In choosing Trinity College, you have brought yourself into a wonderful academic and social community, in which the most can be made of your university years.

No other institution is quite like Trinity College. Since its founding in 1851 by the Bishop John Strachan, it has provided a strong academic community to countless numbers of undergraduates. One unique aspect of Trinity's academic structure is the Don system. Throughout the Trinity and St. Hilda's residences live academic Dons: (Graduate and Professional students who act as academic counsellors to the undergraduate body). In addition to the Dons there are also Peer Counsellors (senior students) for all major disciplines, who can help with course selection and even proof-read essays. There are also Fellows (affiliated academics) of the college and professors, many of whom either live or have their offices located at Trinity. The College attracts some of the best students coming out of high school, who are able to achieve excellent results within Trinity's academic atmosphere.

Sometimes overlooked in introductions to university is its social atmosphere. Trinity is one of the smallest colleges at UofT. The size of Trinity, and the tendency for senior students to remain in residence—often for the entire four years—results in a close-knit and vibrant social community. Perhaps the most distinctive feature of the College life is the wearing of academic gowns. To an incoming student, the gowns may appear burdensome. However, after a short while your gown will seem to permanently attach itself to your exterior person. Another feature of Trinity which greatly enhances the sense of community is the set meal times, for which the student body congregates en masse. Trinity College is a place where you can quickly find yourself feeling at home. It is a place where diversity and originality are encouraged, and where friendships are formed that will last lifetimes.

The large number and diverse nature of clubs and organizations at Trinity offer opportunities for everyone to get involved. Organizations at Trinity are student-run and student-governed, as is much of daily life. And there are countless leadership opportunities. The Trinity College Literary Institute is, besides being Canada's oldest debating society, the center around which much of student life flows. The 'Lit' holds debates each Thursday in which wit meets comedy meets absurdity, often making for the most enjoyable night of the week. The 'Lit' also hosts a large number of other activities such as the 'bubbly on the balcony', games of human chess, and the Conversat formal. For those incoming students interested in acting, there is the Trinity College Dramatic Society which puts on six productions a year, ranging from Shakespeare to plays written by Trinity undergrads. As well, there is Trinity's Film Society, which not only holds regular movie nights, but has now begun to produce its own films. Trinity puts out a College paper, the 'Salterae', and a Literary journal, the 'Trinity Review', both of which encourage submissions from all members of the College. For those athletically inclined, there is a vast multitude of intercollege and intracollege teams on which to play ranging from soccer and rugby to road hockey and volleyball. Other types of Trinity clubs include: the Wine-tasting club, the Brett club (a philosophy circle), clubs involved in overseas development, the A.I.D.S. committee, volunteer groups....the list goes on and on. Finally, wrong-doings by students at Trinity are dealt with through a student run procedure, not handled by the administration.

Members of the class of 2001, I would like to congratulate you for your wise decision in choosing Trinity College, for it is like no other. Keep in mind that as first-year students, you only have four years left, and that You are the Salt of the Earth.

Met' agona Stephanos



The Sun Dial - tarnished by years of UV peeling

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UC FOR THE UNINFORMED

produced by the UC Garg, Mark Hayward

The main building of University College is pleasingly tall. It rises from the north end of King's College Circle for several metres with the appropriate sense of presence and then, like a dancing monkey, rose in mouth, dizzied and delusional from too much tango, finishes with an oddly shaped crown (take a look, it's not half as symmetrical as you think it is.) This is not to say that the College building is surprisingly or astonishingly tall - because it's much too short for that - but that, of all the colleges and all the buildings on the downtown campus, it wears its height most comfortably (except for, perhaps, MacLennan Physic Lab which effectively communicates what it is like to live in a '50's sci-fi movie.) It's not for nothing that the college is flooded with bolstered wedding parties every weekend and has starred in too many bank commercials to really be proud of. It's a space, physically, that's nice to be in. Of course the worthiness of a college is about more than the height of the buildings. It's about the people, the library, the coffee, and the undisturbed places where you can sleep between class (the library). It's about all the things that you probably won't find out about until November when the people, the library and the coffee are making your collegiate hell either a bit more manageable or a bit more hellish. I'm not going to tell you how great "your" experience at UC is going to be because I really don't know and, unless I bump into you one day and you're wearing a homemade "I LOVE UC" button, I'll probably never know. Besides isn't that the whole reason that you're coming here, to experience things for yourself. But that's not going to stop me from doing what I came to do, laying the sht about UC down and hoping that it doesn't smell too much. If this were a tour of the college we would be at the part where I would relate the long and noble tradition of University College and its links with academic freedom and excellence, but since you'll probably get enough of that during orientation week, I'll skip it (even the stories about Bob Rae and Paul Schaefer at UC which will endlessly dog your university career). And, since we've already talked about the height thing, that leaves nothing except what's going on now at the college. That is to say the late, late 20th century or, as my great uncle would say, "modern times and by modern I mean recent or now." Now: The college is a good place to be. The focal point of social activity in the college is the Junior Common Room (or JCR) which is also, mistakenly, known as "Diabolos" (which is actually the name of the coffee bar there.) The JCR is kind of like an elegant sitting room that's the size of a curling rink. It's filled with couches, chairs and tables upon which, when the muse strikes them, university-type people sit. There is also a coffee bar there from which beverages and pastries are sold (they'd give them away, but they got bills to pay.) If you've got somewhere to be, it's not a bad idea to stop in and pick up a bite to eat; if you've got nothing to do it's always a good place to do it. Heck, they'll even let you get your own mug and, on occasion they'll rinse it out for you! But does this mean that UC is, other than a finely tailored building, a bunch of coffee sipping, muffin munching kids sitting on plastic couches? "Yes!" some would yell if sound travelled through coffee. "No!" the others would repeatedly chant, sounding like unbalanced clothes dryer; "UC is much more!" It's also *The Gargoyle* which has been University of Toronto's "Left-wing, Knee-jerk Reactionary Rag" since before anybody can remember. Yes, UC is more than just a college and coffee, it's a newspaper too. And, if that wasn't enough (and I can hear you say "Mark, show me more!"), there's also the UC Review, a college literary magazine, which will publish your poetry, stories, aphorisms and witty anecdotes (but, if they don't, will hold them for a month before chucking them in a blue box.) This is not to mention the numerous clubs which inhabit the halls of the college (some of which actually do more than eat munchies) or the University Art Centre, housed in the North wing of the college building, which has a surprisingly excellent collection for a gallery so close to your calculus class. All this and, I can't let this go unnoticed, a pleasingly tall building to house it all. (But, if in the middle of the week, when this is almost over and things seem dark, remember that you can't spell "inculcate" without UC! - it will send those kids from New scurrying to their dictionaries.)

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VICTORIA COLLEGE

Heather Simmonds

There are far too many things going on around and throughout the UofT campus for you to see them all. For that matter there are probably some places you will never set foot in during your university career. Up here at the most northeastern part of campus, we understand how that can be. Hell, there are some of us Victorians who still haven't made it into Robarts library, or across Queen's park yet. Many colleges chalk this lack of adventure or this extreme sedentary behaviour up to laziness or snootiness. We know better. We aren't snobs, or slugs. We don't need to leave Vic, we have everything we could ever want or need, chillin' out right in our backyard! And you all thought we were crazy...ya damn fools.

See, we not only have everything we could ever need, but we have these amazing creatures that run everything. And they never leave...ever. We love them to bits, and I guess we should introduce you, hey?

First off there is our student council, **VUSAC**. Run by our unique Prez, Michelle Conte, it runs a bunch of the activities, both ongoing and once going, throughout the year. There's **VOCA**, the Victoria Off Campus's Association, run by Evelyn Stefanidis. VOCA, running wild in its second year, holds weekly meetings for commuters in the Cat's Eye. Each week they have a new exciting event for any and all that drop by. And ALL are welcome, this past year we had immigrants from UC, Trin, and even York! That must say something about VOCA, or something about those other places.

VUSAC also has a **Scarlet and Gold** Commissioner (read Party Planner) who throws THE parties at Vic, like, once a week. There are Vic nights at all the hot nightclubs in and around Toronto, And Mystery Bus Tours that leave Toronto. The **Pride And Joy** of the S&G commission is the **Charity Ball**, held at Hart House in and around November. This year, its eighth annual, looks promising. The **Blue Moon Cafe**, another Vic tradition, is an annual display of Vic's "talent". Held in the Cat's Eye, it is an experience. Yup, an experience.

Also in the Wymillwood building, the veritable hub of Vic Stuff, is **The Cat's Eye**. Manager Paul Haynes, who is signed up for his second year of managerial torment, has pre-planned events for the year, like the **Tuesday Night Celtic Pubs**, Thursday is ever morphing with **Movie Nights**, and **Open Mike Nights**, and every other Friday is **Pub Night**. If you see any of the staff, compliment them on their brand spanking new **Liquor License**. They are happy as clams about that. Up north-eastern-like-here we are also mighty proud of our annual theatre production. **The Bob**, which this year is staging it's 126th annual fiasco/bruhaha is the longest running comedy revue in CANADA. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, mister! As with most of Vic's events, they are open to everyone, and to get info on any of the above mentioned escapades, call the **VUSAC** office at SBS-4473. Someone should help, or at least answer the phone.

The Victoria Strand is Vic's newspaper ... and we use that in the broadest sense of the word. Local Vic's famous **Darwin**, is this year's **Strand Editor**. If you haven't yet heard anything about either one of these Vic entities, I suggest you find an upper year-type person and ask. Or, pick up a copy of the paper, located anywhere on campus, every second Wednesday all year long. The entertainment section is by far the highlight. The **Strandies** have previously interviewed Radiohead, Pearl Jam, INXS, Pete Townsend, and billions of others. Well not quite billions, but lots. Or some. And hey, they are always looking for new writers. Give **Darwin** a call at SBS-4474 to check out the details ... or just to say hi. Tell him Mabel sent ya.

Victoria has much more to offer, and we wish we could give every club, group and moron a blurb. But, we can't. But we can tell you to call the **VUSAC** office at SBS-4473 and ask about any one of these: **Vic Film Society ... VCAA (Victoria College Athletic Association)** - with intramurals and everything though we no longer have a gym ... hmmm ... **The Vic Photography Club** - We have our own dark room! And it works even and crooked... the **ACTA** - bi-annual poetry journal and rumored to be the oldest in the commonwealth, **VAGRANT** - no one really knows what this is about ... **The Vic Theatre Club** - Weekly meetings, tons o' Improv, general revelry and mayhem, some soft drinks and a llama ... **The Vic Chorus** - Welcomes one and all to sing amongst them, in French or English (which they have done in the past) and sing at the Spring Concert, or other mystical and magical Vic events ... And Finally, just this past year, Vic started up it's own chapter of **Amnesty International** - Free any political prisoners anyone? How about letter writing on behalf of the abolishment of torture? Sound good? ...

WOODSWORTH COLLEGE

Anna-Lynn Aglipay

As the Orientation Coordinator for the Woodsworth College Students' Association, writing an article for the Innis Herald's "Orientation Edition" should not be this difficult. I have been asked to simply write a piece on what's so great about Woodsworth College. The trouble is, I've gotten so involved, I almost forgot that this is a college, an institution for study and education. I often study here at Woodsworth. During the summer, reading in the courtyard is so nice. Inside there is plenty of quiet study space. I've met quite a few people studying at this college, who aren't Woodsworth students. But, who can blame them, unless there is research to be done, the library is the last place anyone wants to be. An added bonus is that when the study material is about put you to sleep, there's a Second Cup in the building for a good dose of caffeine. This college has so much to offer its students. The computer lab is awesome, the thought of waiting in line for a computer at Robart's is ridiculous. The math lab and writing lab are very, very helpful. Seminars, which cover such topics such as time management, exam preparation, and essay writing, are held on a regular basis by the college.

When I say that I've gotten so involved, I mean with the Woodsworth College Students' Association (WCSA). My involvement here has truly become one of the best parts of being a student here at the University of Toronto. My university experience has been so much more than mid-terms and labs and essays because of WCSA. One only needs to drop by the WCSA office to see why. Everyone is welcome!!

uoft diversity

Sports At U of T: An Obscure Tradition

W.N. O'Higgins

This University has a strong athletic program but, like many of U of T's services, it is poorly advertised. For most sport-minded individuals, their involvement with U of T athletics is haphazard at best, and they are reduced to seeking out information from a tangled and poorly informed bureaucracy. With this article the Innis Herald intends to shed some light on the tremendous opportunities that athletics at this university represents. Athletics does not exclusively mean sports, and it certainly does not mean a high level of competition and pressure. Aside from Varsity sports, this university offers: an extensive intramural program, opportunities for learning how to participate in dance, martial arts or sports, weights, aerobic machines, fitness classes of several types and open, pick-up style sporting opportunities. Intensity levels are available from the most relaxed and non-competitive to the most intense. Aside from the difficulty in finding information about these athletic opportunities, U of T provides some of the best and most diverse options available. You paid for all of this, so you might as well learn how to use it.

Athletic Center & Hart House

The Athletic Center (occupying the block bounded by Spadina and College avenues and Harbord and Huron streets) and Hart House (located on Hart House Circle, just East of University College) are the central locations for athletic activity at the University. They provide services too extensive for this article to list. These services include swimming, athletic instruction of several varieties and drop-in sports games. Both the Athletic Center and Hart House publish extensive guides to their services. General Inquiries can be made by phone at 978-3436 and Hours Information can be obtained on a recorded message at 978-3437.

Intramural Athletics

Intramural Athletics are sports played between the colleges and faculties of the University. They range from extremely competitive to very relaxed and fun, perfect for the absolute beginner. Innis College practices a very open, welcoming style when participating in these sports, accepting all who wish to play and providing a positive and fun atmosphere for the participants. There are three divisions in Intramurals: men, women and co-ed. Co-ed athletics is the perfect forum for the student who is interested in playing a sport in a relaxed, fun and easy manner, and it is ideal for learning a new sport without the pressure to perform. All students are welcome to play on the Co-ed Teams, which are: Basketball, Volleyball, Doubles Tennis, Softball, Broomball, Ultimate Frisbee and Inner-Tube Water Polo. The women's and men's leagues can be more competitive than the co-ed, but the same attitude of fun-first, all welcome is still present. The men's and women's sports do not always overlap, and if any woman or man is interested in playing a sport that is not offered for their gender specifically they are welcome to apply for playing rights in the other league. Especially in men's sports and to some extent in women's the intramurals are divided into divisions so that people can play their sport at a level that they are comfortable with. In Men's Sports the teams are: Touch Football, Soccer, Rugby, Hockey, Basketball, Volleyball, Softball, Beach Volleyball, Golf, Badminton, Tennis, Lacrosse, 4 on 4 Volleyball, Water Polo, Indoor Soccer, Squash and Tennis and Badminton Doubles. In Women's Sports the teams are: Soccer, Field Hockey, Touch Football, Hockey, Basketball, Volleyball, Beach Volleyball, Golf, Badminton, Tennis, Indoor Soccer, Ball Hockey, Squash and Badminton and Tennis Doubles.



Hart House: A Place of Much Activity

Sports Medicine Clinic

If by some unhappy chance you are injured in the course of any activity or sport, U of T has a fully-staffed sports medicine clinic to help you get back on your feet quickly. This service is available to all U of T Students, and they are very good at getting athletes of all skill levels back playing their particular sports. To inquire about the Sports Medicine Clinic, call 978-467B.

Remember, "All work and no play makes Jack/Jill a dull Girl/Boy," so remember to make time to exercise. It is often a small time commitment that will see you happier, healthier and more able to do what you came here to do... (don't laugh)... learn.

A New Start

by Eugene Fong-dere

To begin with, I'm interested in writing my submission in one particular perspective; a perspective that is actually as small as it is diverse. It exists within the student body of the University of Toronto and Ryerson University and has connections with both. This is a viewpoint that may be more easily understood by speaking w/r from a fraternity perspective. (Note: There are women's fraternities and those are included too whenever the word fraternity is mentioned.)

Allow me to clarify further by saying that it is my intention to describe myself first as a 'frat boy'. Whatever evaluation or perspective exacted from it, is left to the reader.

I am not interested in delving into the usual argument of whether or not fraternities are a bunch of drinking clubs. Perhaps some have grown into that, and perhaps some have grown into something better. But where there is more possible, there is much more for people to become. To become something more, to be more developed, is a good thing. I became something more when I entered my fraternity, Sigma Chi.

Two years ago I went through a period called 'rush'. This is the time when fraternities on campus open their doors to allow the new and curious to see what they are all about. Rush is a strange name, no, make that a stupid name. Sounds more like a bunch of cans going through a conveyor belt, or someone coming along and setting you on fire. You run about waving your arms screaming and coincidentally run in and out of a bunch of fraternities and decide to stick with one. Weird thing is, for some unknown reason I imagined that the people involved were supposed to be running about like hunted dogs. (It isn't. I'm glad of that, because I like dogs, and I don't want to hunt them.)

Couriers, Commuters And Other Bicycle Lunatics

W.N. O'Higgins

Cycling in the city is, simply put, madness. There are a lot of things out there. Big things. Fast things. Things that go crunch when you hit them, and things that mess you and your bike up without hardly noticing. Because it is an urban environment, most of the things that come up against a cyclist are very, very hard. The only sane, well considered advice regarding cycling is simply, "don't".

That being said, I ride my bike almost every day, in the city, and I have been doing it with joy and relish. When I got a phone call two weeks after deadline



Biking in the City of Toronto can be a harrowing experience - you can do it!

to come into the Herald office and writing this article, I happily got on my bike late at night and rode in, braving ignorant people wielding powerful, multi-ton weapons. There is a certain immediacy in riding a bicycle in the city, sharing the road with drivers who, for the most part, are indifferent or even antagonistic towards my presence in "their" domain. That immediacy is part of the reason that I ride. Negotiating streetcar tracks, growing eyes in the back of my head and dodging pedestrians, pets, and sewer grates makes for a riding experience that cannot be easily matched. I am an admitted adrenaline junkie, and a fairly competent rider, but riding in the city, especially at rush hour, requires my full attention. Other than the rush I get from getting around in the whirling steel and aluminium nightmare of downtown traffic, there is the factor of speed. There is no faster way of getting around Toronto than on a bicycle. You can park almost anywhere, ride even when the traffic is at a standstill, and (this is the best part) you can occupy the high moral ground of knowing that you are doing your bit for the environment. An example of the speed and ease at which you can travel is displayed every day by the many bicycle couriers who ride like madmen (and women), delivering packages hither and yon. They take risks on their bicycles for the sake of expediency that I would not recommend to most, and they get in a ridiculous number of accidents, but they do represent the ultimate expression of urban cycling. The statistics suggest that 100% of bicycle couriers are involved in an accident in their first 3 months of riding. I am merely a recreational and commuting cyclist, but I have been in 15 accidents in the past 2 years on Toronto's streets.

This brings up another issue about riding in the city. Drivers often do not pay any attention to their mirrors, or look where they are driving, or pay any attention at all. They are not likely to see a bicycle until it hits their windshield. If you choose to ride in the city, assume that no car can see you and that they are highly likely to do something mind-blowingly stupid at any moment. You are not likely to be disappointed, and it is much better than being surprised. A wise man once wrote that it is of utmost importance to be wary of anything with a high body mass to brain size ratio, like cars.

If you are not easily satisfied with riding in traffic, and are looking for thrills of a more rural nature, there are several mountain bike trails in the Greater Toronto Area. The 2 rivers that cut through the city both represent some of the largest open space in the city, and have some of the best trails. The Humber Valley and Don Valley are fine places to ride, but many of the trails are not officially for bicycle use, so watch where yourself. Also, High Park, at Bloor and High Park (who knew!) is an excellent place for mountain biking, but riding you bike on the trails is prohibited, so you didn't hear it from me. There are also paved trails for more leisurely riding at all of these places, as well as a 20km trail along the waterfront called the Martin Goodman Trail.

Toronto was, just last year, voted the best city in North America for cycling, I suppose due to the fact that less than half (an informed guess) of the cabbies are actually homicidal, and there are some bike lanes throughout the city. It is also the bike theft capital of North America, so if you leave your bike on the street, lock it securely and watch it closely. Most of downtown is not a particularly predatory area, but any bike left for any length of time without moving will draw thieves like vultures to a limping pig. Most thefts are targets of opportunity, so it is important to never leave your bike unlocked, even for a very short time.

Riding in the city is fraught with peril, but is can also be a lot of fun, and show you more of the city than you would ever see on foot. If you take the plunge, keep your head up, wear a helmet (of course they look stupid, but if you at University to fill your head with knowledge it is silly to dash it open on the sidewalk) and have fun.

It was a very strange feeling to go through. People who were complete strangers acted friendly and courteous. It almost didn't seem genuine. It was a 'too good to be true' feeling. However, when I reached the bottom line, it was true. Now at the time, Sigma Chi had no interest in particular in me. They were friendly, had a nice house, but for me, a commuting university student who already had a campus life, had no real connections. That is, until I heard about the ideals they believed in. That is what truly caught my attention. I will always see it as one of the best decisions that I have every made. I have to admit, to some people I sound brainwashed. I know this because that is what I thought when I heard other fraternity brothers sound like I do now. The most memorable quote was, "You'll make some of the strongest life-long friendships right here." I remember that line most because it was true. When one actually finds a good thing, it's hard to describe it as anything else. (On the other hand, if you ever meet someone whose head spins three sixties and spits out green vomit while screaming 'red rum red rum!', that fraternity may not be for you.)

This September marks the date of a fresh start, a chance to do everything better than before. The new rush period begins the first week of September and continues until the first week of October. It is a time when all the fraternity members are involved, because it is, that much fun.

It's a truly fresh year, time to rekindle some old hopes and make some new ones. (The opinion of this writer in no way reflects the opinions held by Sigma Chi, or any other fraternity on campus.)

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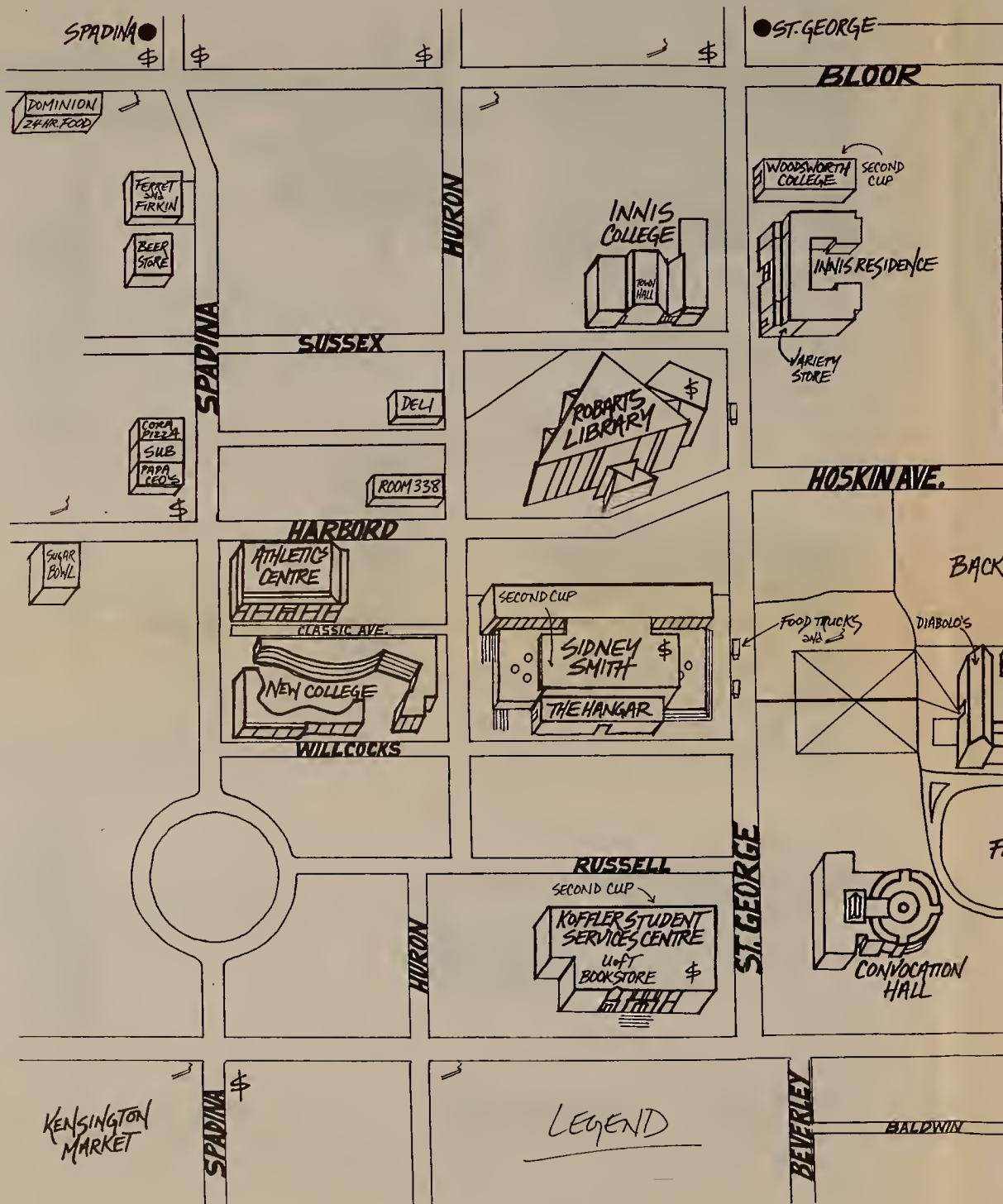
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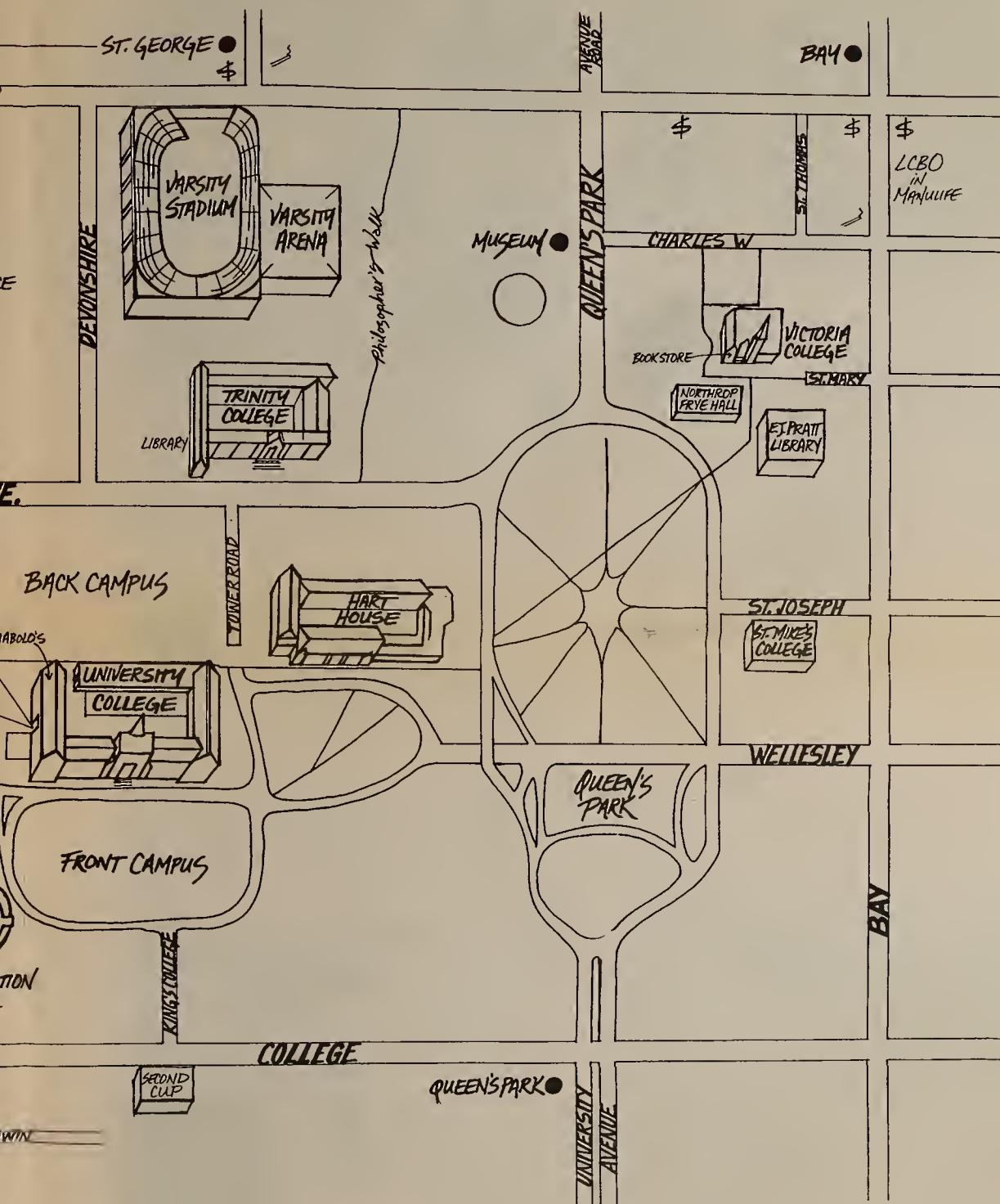
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THE BEST BEER BARS OF TORONTO

for those of you who long for something different from the Bloor St. bland...

Welcome to Brewculture, the Innis Herald's section dedicated to beer and brewing. The purpose of this section is to educate, inspire and enlighten Herald readers as to the merits of good beers. Too often a university career can pass an individual with only bland mainstream beers to guide them. An open attitude towards the vast array of beer styles and flavours that exist could help enhance your university career, and your life. The Innis Herald Brewculture section will hopefully aid readers in reaching this beer epiphany. This section will feature beer and brewery reviews, restaurant and bar reviews, or general stories about beer and life. Submissions to the Brewculture section are always appreciated, and can be dropped off at the Innis Herald office, room 305, Innis College. Enjoy, and happy connoisseur!

Cass Enright, President of the Innis Beer Connoisseurs Society

C'est What?, 67 Front St. E.

In my opinion, one of the best places to find and drink a great beer in Toronto. Located underground at the corner of Front and Church, C'est What? is one of the most patriotic alcohol supporters in Toronto. They have twenty taps of only Canadian microbrews, five house brews and not a Molson or Labatt product to be found on the premises. C'est What? also brews their own wine and serves VQA wines as well. Being a beer connoisseur, it is very humourous to see a patron come in late at night only to be told that their order for a Blue cannot be fulfilled. This is a pub for all true connoisseurs, with an educated staff promoting the drinking of fine beer. They have two standard house brews, Coffee Porter and Mild Brown Ale. The Coffee Porter tastes like it sounds, much like the bean itself. It is a dark and chewy beer, the taste of the coffee beans coming out greedy. Their other three homebrews can vary in styles, usually a cask-conditioned ale, plus others such as an I.P.A., a chocolate ale, or Belgian or British interpretations of various brews. Their commercial taps are also something to be marvelled at. Everything beer in C'est What? is worthwhile. It is a very noble and patriotic pub, truly Canadian-style. The pub itself is divided into two sections, each with a separate entrance (one on Church, the other on Front.) The Front St. side is pure pub. The Church St. side is the band side, where there is live music virtually every night. There is a cover for the band side and shuffling between the two sections is not permitted. The mood of the pub is dark, because it is underground and not well lit. The walls are protruding brick, with a bottle wall, a library, old band posters and local artwork plastered all around. C'est What? also offers games to their patrons, ranging from cards to backgammon, Scrabble or Yahtzee. They publish their own newsletter, "What's Up?" with upcoming events and new developments in the pub. They host various beer/wine special events, such as beer tastings from regions of Canada and the world. Since opening in 1988, C'est What? has prided itself on being relaxed, straight forward and a little different. Definitely a place to check out.

Summit House Grill, 40 Eglinton Ave. E.

The bar side of this restaurant is nicknamed "the Beer Bar," which immediately piques interest and expectations, but the Summit House Grill satisfies beer connoisseurs tastes. With the assistance of Toronto beer writer Stephen Beaumont, the Summit has spent more than a year developing itself into a premier beer appreciation centre. The Beer Bar supports a frequently changing selection of Canadian micros and imports, complemented with a large selection of bottled beers. The Summit also hosts numerous beer-related events, namely specific brewery tastings hosted by the Brewmasters and "Beermakers' Dinners," matching brews with proper cuisine. The Beer Bar offers to its patrons a "Beer Bar Club," a connoisseurs club featuring the perk from free pints of all the new taps that arrive at the bar. The Summit is usually the first bar in the city to tap new Ontario brews, so this club is worthwhile to all beer lovers. Coupled with the Granite Brewery, Eglinton Ave. has two of the city's best beer pubs, suitable for any connoisseur's pubcrawl.



Denison's Brewing Company, 75 Victoria St. Three restaurants form Denison's: Growler's Pub, Crazy Louie's Brasserie and Conchy Joes. Growler's is downstairs, and has more of a pub atmosphere and menu than upstairs, which is a nice restaurant. The decor of the building is great, with grand ceilings and luscious chairs in Conchy Joe's, a standard checkered tablecloth setup in Crazy Louie's, and a dark and plush downstairs. Their brewing equipment is visible to all, because it is in the centre of the building. In Growler's

the brewing equipment is very close to the seating, adding interesting viewing while in the pub. On to their beers. Denison's brews only lagers, but they are very high quality. With each table there is a description of all their beers and how they are made, and interestingly, there are a few paragraphs devoted to educating patrons about unfiltered beer. Included with this, the document warns not to fear unfiltered beer since the yeast still remains and does extra flavour. It is commendable that Denison's is attempting to educate mainstream drinkers to try different things. Their flagship beer, Bavarian Lager, is available unfiltered or filtered, if the patron does not feel convinced. The other year-round beer is Royal Dunkel, one of the darker lagers Denison's brews. Denison's also brews four seasonal brews. In spring, they brew their Bock, in summer, Weizen, in fall Oktoberfest and winter Marzen. Extra attention must be paid to their Weizen, which is one of Toronto's greatest local beers. The wheat is imported from Germany by a co-owner. The Weizen in turn develops a defining flavour of bananas, with hints of clove and lemon as well. Denison's Weizen is a wonderful creation, great for a hot summer day on the patio.



The Granite Brewery, 245 Eglinton Ave. E.

The sister brewpub to the Granite in Halifax, this brewpub offers fine ales in uptown Toronto. Located at the corner of Eglinton and Mount Pleasant on the ground floor of an office complex, the Granite is a large pub with two great patios, one overlooking the activity of Mount Pleasant and the other in the quad of the building. The decor is British: shelves of books line the walls with the odd fireplace for coziness. The brewtanks are also visible from the back room. All of the Granite's beers are ales, with 5 standards and 2 seasonals. The standards are Best Bitter, Best Bitter Special, Keefe's

Irish Stout, Peculiar and Ringwood Ale. The Best Bitter is a fine bitter, the special edition version being dry-hopped. The Stout, named after Granite brewer Ron Keefe, is also tasty. The Peculiar is their interpretation of the British ale of the same name. The Ringwood was just introduced in 1996, and is a wonderfully tasty, light coloured blonde ale. Their seasonals are the Summer Ale and Winter I.P.A. The Granite's beers are simply fine ales, nothing more. They are neither revolutionary nor extraordinary beers, but they taste great coupled with fish & chips on the patio on a warm summer night.

Smokeless Joe's, 125 John St.

Probably Toronto's friendliest pub. Smokeless Joe's is a tiny place in the basement of the proprietor, Joe's, house. Upon entry we were instantly met by Joe, seated at a table and introduced to our waitress, Joe likes to know the names of his customers, and we were on a first name basis with the staff for the evening. Joe will bring you a sample of his taps without question, and free bread. Smokeless Joe's has good taps, however they are few in number: Elora Grand Porter, Wellington County Ale, and Upper Canada Wheat. They are cheap, too, at \$4.75 per 22 oz. pint. There are also over 170 types of bottled beers, with no Molson, Labatt, or Sleeman served. One of the cooler establishments in the Adelaide/John area.

The Rebel House, 106B Yonge St.

As long as you can tolerate Rosedale yuppies, the Rebel House is a great place to go to have a fine micro. The Rebel House is a strong supporter of Ontario micros, with a varied selection of interesting and rare brews. This bar is quite small, but has a very nice patio, roofed by a parachute (!) hanging from a tree that stands in the middle of the patio. Some of the city's best fries can be found here, as they are sliced and kettle cooked like potato chips. This is one of the city's finest summer bars, a great place to relax in the sun with some tasty fries and a scrumptious Glatt Ruby Porter.

Café Brussel, 786 Broadview Ave.

This is probably Toronto's only authentic Belgian café. Café Brussel is a very classy place, probably more suitable for a meal than just a beer. They have authentic Belgian food: dozens of mussel dishes, traditional Belgian cuisine, plus waffles, pastries, etc. They have four taps; when I went they had Beck's, Hacker-Pschorr and Stella Artois, which are rather unexciting. However, their fourth tap is a Toronto first: a house Blanche. This beer, brewed off site by C'est What? head brewer Alan Moore and aged and spiced at Café Brussel, is just great. It is filtered, yet possesses a wonderful flavour in the typical Blanche style. Café Brussel is worth the trip simply for the Blanche, and to admire their incredible collection of beer glassware.



University of Toronto Graduate Student's Union, 16 Bancroft Ave.

Yes, an actual campus pub in the Graduate Student's Union building, with a reasonable selection of beers, but at CHEAP prices. They usually tap Creemore, an Upper Canada or two, an Amsterdam or two, and Guinness. Something unexpected may arrive of course, but the GSU is pretty consistent with their brews. However, the draw to the GSU is their dirt cheap prices. In a city where a pitcher of Creemore can run you up to \$13 or more, the GSU sells all their pitchers for \$10.50, tax included. A wonderful place to go after class or before a three-hour marathon lecture, and you do not have to be a graduate student to go in (I have been going since second year with ne'r a dirty look.)

Do you disagree with any of the pubs described here? Is your favourite bar omitted from this list? Send in your pub and bar reviews to the Herald so we can compile another "Best Beer Bars of Toronto" directory for the winter!

THE BEER OF THE MONTH

Reviews to inspire UofT to try different beers

The purpose of this section is to introduce to Herald readers and aspiring beer connoisseurs new beers and styles to seek out and sample. Each month a different beer will be analyzed, with particular attention paid to the characteristics of the beer and of the style family. This month's beer: **TROIS PISTOLE** by the Unibroue brewery in Chambly, PQ.

Trois Pistoles, the newest beer by Unibroue (introduced in 1997), follows the brewery's trend of Belgian-inspired strong ales. TP at 9% alcohol, matches La Fin du Monde as Unibroue's strongest brew. TP is a dark caramel-red coloured beer, with an interesting aroma of ripe fruit preceding the first sip. Upon tasting, TP's alcohol bursts on to the palate, reminiscent of a Belgian Trappist ale such as Chimay. TP is thick and dense, with a lingering after-taste containing port flavours. TP has a flavour that is probably too strong for most budding connoisseurs. Chimay Red or Unibroue's La Maudite, both available in Toronto, would be a suitable foray into this style and flavour family.



Trois Pistoles is a brew unfortunately not available in Ontario. Interprovincial beer trade is very difficult, and very few Québec craft beers ever make it to Ontario. However, Unibroue's popularity has allowed them to distribute four of their brands in select Beer and LCBO stores: La Maudite (mentioned above), a Belgian strong ale, Blanche de Chambly, a Belgian-style White beer, La Fin du Monde, a Trappist-style ale, and most recently Rastafan, an ale brewed with whisky malts (Peaty!). All of these beers are definitely worth seeking out.

STAR WARS

WAY MORE THAN YOU EVER WANT TO KNOW ABOUT HYPERSPACE

Joel Schuster

Hyperspace is one of the most integral - and misunderstood - aspects of the Star Wars Trilogy. In the three movies, hyperspace is used in ways which range from routine travel to the most complex of plot elements. However, in every instance it is used to connote a speed so incredibly fast that ordinary space travel would seem painfully slow in comparison. Hyperspace is the area of space that can only be entered into when a ship has gone faster than lightspeed. In *A New Hope*, Han Solo claims that the Millenium Falcon, a modified YT-1300 Stock Light Freighter, can do "point-five past lightspeed". Although contextually this statement could be inferred to be Solo's ego covering up for the Falcon's obvious physical defects (i.e., Luke: "What a piece of junk"), it is more likely, especially considering how many escapes the Falcon makes within the Trilogy, that the Corellian smuggler's claim is truthful.

But how fast is "point-five past lightspeed"? Various Star Wars source materials tell us that it is double the speed of a standard hyperspace ship like the X-Wing starfighter. But how fast is a "standard" hyperspace ship? Source materials never get around to telling us this. Hyperspace is much faster than the speed of light, and probably moves upward at an exponential "parabolic" rate. This assumption is supported by the fact that space travel does not occur in the years that lightspeed would require, but instead in hours and possibly days. Source materials are vague because they are written by profiteering bastards, which we are not, because this paper is free (profiteers, I mean. We are bastards). Hyperspace is impossible in a ship whose hyperdrive motivator is damaged, this enigmatic part is necessary for faster than light speed travel. In *The Empire Strikes Back*, this part was disabled on the Millenium Falcon by the Empire, to prevent it from entering hyperspace. Hyperspace is entered through the use of a navacomputer (navigation computer). In the Falcon, this is stationed directly behind where Han Solo sits. (In fact, the Millenium Falcon was designed to be flown by a crew of four, which is why Han and Chewie are always reaching behind them to throw switches). A ship without a navacomputer requires a hyperspace, or "astromech" droid to enter hyperspace. An X-Wing starfighter requires such a droid, which is why the astromech droid R2-D2 flies with Luke all the time. Hyperspace requires a computer's precise calculations because of how it works. It is another dimension, in which all stellar items (including everything from planets to spaceships to dust) are connected to an identical "ghost-like" version of themselves in hyperspace. In order to navigate these billions of obstacles, and to do so at a faster-than-light speed, a ship requires excellent directions and sensors. These sensors will drop the ship out of hyperspace should any space item get too close to the hull. The reason for this is twofold: one, because the item would destroy the ship, and two, because the ship would destroy the item. This explanation produces a huge question. Why did the Empire create a costly Death Star to blow up planets when they could have just put a bomb into a hyperspace ship with its sensors turned off? And, in response to the possible counter-argument that perhaps that is exactly the way that the Death Star worked, why didn't the Rebels just blow up the Death Star using the same tactics? Admittedly, the Death Star is a very visible display of power, but likely it is just because the movies would have sucked otherwise. This would also mean that the people who make all the Star Wars source materials explaining hyperspace are profiteering bastards.

Another explanation can be inferred somewhat from the films. Because a real ship can drop into hyperspace (and thereby become "the shadow") without the shadow creating a new "real" ship, we could surmise that the "real" ship creates the "shadow", but the "shadow" does not create the real ship. Thus, a shadow ship smashing against the shadow Death Star would only blow up the Death Star's shadow, which would be instantly recast by the real Death Star. Still, the hyperspace bomb would work if you flew the ship really really close to something, and then had it ram the planet. The answer to this question can only be "who cares?"

I suppose that this is the way that all technical issues within Star Wars should be dealt with. The movies are there for enjoyment, not for scientific scrutiny. Sure, science ships don't make noise in the vacuum of space, and "elite" Stormtroopers would probably hit their targets a lot more. Fact is, the movies are just entertaining, and no amount of explanation can hope to do them credit.

"Traveling through hyperspace ain't like dustin' crops, boy. Without precise calculations we'd fly through a star, or bounce too close to a supernova, and that'd end your trip real quick, wouldn't it?" - Han to Luke

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In hyperspace, you can ram into just about anything - just like the Falcon is about to ram into whatever the hell the Falcon is about to ram into here...



"Traveling through hyperspace ain't like dustin' crops, boy. Without precise calculations we'd fly through a star, or bounce too close to a supernova, and that'd end your trip real quick, wouldn't it?" - Han to Luke

Star Wars Trivia:

- I. Which character in *A New Hope* conceived the original plans for the Death Star?
- II. What is the only part of the Millenium Falcon that ever gets knocked off its hull in the trilogy?
- III. What part of the Millenium Falcon is disabled by the Empire to prevent hyperspace travel?
- IV. Which is better: Star Wars or Star Trek?

The first person to correctly answer these four questions by calling the Innis Herald Star Wars Hotline at 978-4748 will win a Star Wars-like prize!



The Return of Star Wars:

Reflections on the re-release of the Holy Trilogy in 1997

Cass Enright

My first ever film memory is of *The Empire Strikes Back*. I did see Star Wars during its original theatrical run, but I cannot remember it. My first film memory is not even of the film itself, but in the experience of it. Toronto's last great movie palace, the University Theatre, which closed in the '80s and the facade still remains (on Bloor St. in between Avenue Rd. and Bay St.), showed only the best films during its final years, including all of George Lucas' and Steven Spielberg's blockbusters in the late '70s and early '80s. In the summer of 1980, my mother took me to see *TESB*. I vividly remember standing with her, waiting in the lineup

whelmed in the excitement as I did then. On February 21, 1997 I attended the special edition re-release of *TESB*, not having seen it on the big screen since the University Theatre 17 years ago. I was excited, but what I felt was a calm, reserved excitement. I knew the film could not affect me like it did in '80; it was simply impossible. But this negative feeling separated the *Cass of '80* from the *Cass of '97*. Maybe I can come to terms with this with the help of Blake's notion of innocence and experience. At 6, my world was uncomplicated; I simply attended school and savoured *TESB*. At 22, my world is in many ways similarly uncomplicated, yet I cannot savour *TESB* the same way, and experience tells me I must write



In a caption needs not...

to discover why. But I cannot reach a conclusion. My first viewing of *TESB* will remain with me forever, a benchmark for all other experiences to be measured against. My second viewing of *TESB* was an opportunity for any remaining innocence to be summoned. I could not hear the laser blasts as I waited in the lineup this time, only the sounds of the world of which I am a part. 17 years later. Yet for two hours I relived *TESB*, enjoying the adventure just as much as I did the first time. Not much has changed in 17 years. My world was put on hold for the viewings, and when they were over not much had changed, yet I felt so much better.

626 days until the release of Episode I, the new installment into the Star Wars sextology on May 21, 1999, tentatively titled *Balance of the Force*.



STAR WARS PREQUEL TRILOGY UPDATE:

Casting Call! Ewan McGregor of *Trainspotting* has been cast as the young Obi-Wan Kenobi (he will never compare to the young Alec Guinness, pictured here)... Jake Lloyd, the kid from *Jingle All The Way* will play eight year old Anakin (Darth Vader) Skywalker... *The Professional's* 16 year old hottie Natalie Portman will play Anakin's wife... *Schindler's List* and *Dorkman* star Liam Neeson will play an old cranky Jedi Master... Rumours abound that Samuel L. Jackson, Claudia Ramirez, Harry Connick, Jr., Alec Guinness and Mark (Luke Skywalker) Hamill may appear in the new films.

Lilith Fair

A Celebration of Women in Music

Bronwyn Enright

I love Sarah McLachlan. I have all of her albums. I'm a member of Murmurs, the official Sarah fan club and I even own, my prized possession, a signed Sarah McLachlan poster. Sure, I'm a little strange and even quite obsessed but my extreme interest in all things Sarah leads to my taking part in this year's Lilith Fair, which was, in my opinion, one of the best concerts I've had the pleasure of attending. Organized by the goddess of music herself, Lilith Fair was Sarah's response to comments made by promoters when she suggested another female act open for her while touring. Told that two female performers couldn't draw a wide enough audience and offended by this nasty attitude, Sarah decided to organize Lilith Fair, a celebration of women in music. Female performers and groups were invited to join and those who were interested and available joined the tour for most or just a few of the concert dates. The tour lasted from the beginning of July to the end of August and stopped at Toronto's Molson Amphitheatre on August 15th and 16th. I attended the Saturday concert as one of the lawn people and enjoyed a special day of music and mud. The day began with lesser known performers such as Emm Gryner, Lhasa, Julia Fordham, the Wild Strawberries and Dayna Manning playing on the Village and B stages. This was one of Lilith Fair's strong points, it allowed for these smaller groups to play for a much larger audience than they would normally draw if playing alone and thereby increase their exposure. The mainstage performances began later in the afternoon with Meredith Brooks, Shawn Colvin, the Indigo Girls, Jewel and of course Sarah McLachlan. It was obvious that most people in attendance favoured the more popular Jewel, Indigo Girls and Sarah McLachlan. As a treat for all of us, after performing several of their hit tunes, the Indigo Girls introduced Jewel and Sarah McLachlan and together they sang the traditional folk song "The Water is Wide". Jewel followed the talented duo and performed her hit singles from the *Pieces of You* album along with some new material. The last performer and possibly the best was Sarah McLachlan. The audience joined in the Sarah love-in by standing, cheering and singing along as she sang hits from her *Fumbling Towards Ecstasy* and *Sufocating*. She ended with the popular "Possession" and came back for an encore with "Ice Cream". The grand finale involved all of the day's performers singing Joni Mitchell's "Big Yellow Taxi". The night ended. I left mud coated and happy.



Earthling Landing

Leslie Blake

September has arrived and the sweet smell of autumn is in the air; in fact autumn had already arrived in August when the announcement of a certain special concert was made. David Bowie is swinging into town again, two years after he had unloaded a very inspiring performance in September '95. At that particular moment in time Bowie and Trent Reznor were dueling "Scary Monsters", "Hurt" and "Reptile" live in front of an extremely receptive audience, but by the time Reznor left the stage the majority of the crowd had mellowed out on a massive level. Contrary to popular opinion, David Bowie didn't suck; this was the most innovative Bowie show I have ever seen. The Thin White Duke did not conform to the glossy expectation that he would be pumping out old classics just like certain people seem to do when they strut through Toronto. Instead of relying on the TownsendcumJaggercumPlante method, Bowie displayed his newest brand of slightly twisted art entitled *Outside*, a loosely-themed concept album about art-crime. Outside was a very impressive project which was a collaboration between Bowie and Brian Eno, a relationship that has existed since the late 70's. However, there was also another collaborator involved who has worked with "the man who sold the world" for the past eight years. His name is Reeves Gabrels. The one major difference between Gabrels and Eno is that Mr. Gabrels has contributed a very large amount of time and creativity on Bowie's new masterpiece, *Earthling*.

Earthling has been heralded as Bowie's best album in ten years, but that's a bunch of horse-shit. Between the two *Tin Machine* albums, the *Buddah of Suburbia* soundtrack, *Outside*, and the White *Tic/Block Noise* album David has been one of the most innovative "old fuckers" of the '90's. Nevertheless, *Earthling* (released early this year) is a very intense and ambitious offering. The upcoming concert is scheduled for September 27th, & 28th at the Warehouse. Unfortunately, tickets will probably already have sold out by the time this paper goes into print, but the important point is that there are such things as scalpers, friends who bought tickets but don't wanna go, and of course the album, which should be purchased or heard if it hasn't been already. For those of you who haven't yet been able to chomp on a good dose of Bowie for whatever reason, there are and will be plenty of opportunities to do so in the near future. Make sure to check them out. Bowie's catalogue is full of a diverse selection of stuff including his *Ziggy*, *Alladin Sane*, *Thin White Duke*, *LowLodgeHeros*, *Scary Monster* and R&B boy periods (which span from 1969 to 1984). The next 13 years are the next level.

A Year in Music . . . so far

Doug Neves

I don't know if I could call 1997 "an innovative, interesting, and groundbreaking year in music", but I would call it "A fairly eventful year...so far....". The early phase of the year dealt mostly with CD releases by industry artists such as U2 with *Pop*, *Live with Secret Sosothi*, and *Blur*. On another level UK tripster, *Tricky*, released two very interesting offerings including, "Nearly God" and "Pre-Millennium tension", while the relatively new *Morcheeba*, and *Spring Heel Jack* released some interesting things into a stale atmosphere. In mid-spring a brand new phenomenon was issued to the masses that goes by the moniker, "Electronica". The truth is that Electronica has always existed in a healthy cauldron, but now it has been sentenced to death in a way. The big three Electronica giants gave us a dose of action this spring, first with *The Chemical Brothers* "Dig your own hole", then *Prdigy*'s "Fat of the Land", and of course *Underworld*'s first major offering since last summer's "Trainspotting" put them on the map. There hasn't been a lot of pure schlock though, it isn't as shitty as last year when Alanis-mania was taking place. There have been a lot of interesting releases as of late, a list which includes *Radiohead*, *Soror McLoughlin*, and *Oasis*. There have also been numerous remastered albums this year, such as *The Cult*, *Rush*, and *Jimi Hendrix*, but most of these aren't worth snagging just yet, especially if you already have the previous recordings.

This summer was flooded with festivals, festivals which proved that festivals are on the out. *Lollapalooza* was a dud, as was *North by North East* and *Canadian Music Week*. On the positive side, *Lilith Fair* displayed a refreshing approach to the art of festivalese, while *Another Roadside Attraction* maintained its status as a bona-fide bi-annual, and the *Edgefest* was slightly OK. The jazz festival scene was relatively happening with more than three carnival circuses including *The Beaches fest*, and *The Harbourfront* fest among a few others.

Soundgarden disbanded earlier this summer, which comes as no surprise to Soundgarden fans who have observed the band's behaviour over the last few years. It will be interesting to see what drummer Matt Cameron will do now, because he carries the seed. The rest of the year hasn't happened yet but look forward to new albums by *Alonis*, *Portishead*, the new "dust-brothered" *Rolling Stones*, *Lenny Kravitz*, and *PJ Harvey* which will penetrate the mainstream even more than it needs to be. *Oasis*'s will continue to make headline news with their press-molesting antics, but wait 'til you hear their new disc, you might be impressed. On the underground front I think you know as well as I do that there are plenty of uninteresting things going on. Oh yes, there may be a handful of innovators out there, but not enough as there could be. We must face the fact that we are in a musical slump at the moment, but hold tight because there is a light at the end of the tunnel and 1998 just might be the start of something refreshing.

The local Toronto scene is on simmer at the moment, but there are a few artists who will be ready to bubble the cauldron soon enough. Look out for a new breed of talent in the coming year which includes *Diol*, *Lotus Position*, *Echo Valley*, *Cold Blue Vien*, *Lilith*, *The Ginko Girls*, *Liquid Mercury*, *Sleepwalker's Union*, *21st Century Tattoo*, *Flux*, *Fuzebox*, *Sister Cow Pie*, and *Numb*. Of course, there are many other cool artists out there that are starting to do some interesting things, but time will tell what lies ahead for the rest of this year and the years to come. So support the local scene as much as you can this year 'cause cool things are happening and will continue to happen. A lot of stuff happened at the end of the summer such as *Sneakers*, a charity event at the Big Bop Aug. 31st which included over thirty different breeds of artists, *Diol*'s memorable headlining moment at Lee's Palace Aug 25th, and on a bigger note *The Lilith Fair* which included some local talent on the second stage. If you are in the mood for something strange, make sure to check out *Plunderpalooza* on Sept. 27th at the 360 on Queen St. West, in which *Plunder*-master John Oswald will be headlining.

About the Retro Thing

Scott Marslow

I think it's about time we analyze a certain thing that has indeed worn itself out again. Retro, in the CFNY/80's sense, is a flame that is burning itself out completely thanks to all the little twits who can't seem to get their grade 8 graduation dance out of their minds. Retro was great when it wasn't retro back in the old days, but now it seems like our generation is just a bunch of whiners who are clinging to their past like koala bears do to eucalyptus trees. Retro as we know it is as good as double retro now. In fact, this movement started around 1992, when one would see a few people in the rave scene decked out in their *Star Wars* shirts (circa 1979), old halloween costumes (circa, 1980), and of course, those *Casey and Finnigan* and *Sesame Street* t-shirts (circa 1981/82), while sitting in "chill-out rooms", smoking pot, high on "E" and LSD, watching re-runs of "Barbabapa", "Dr. Snuggles", "The Polka Dot Door" (the "Dennis" years), and "A Bear called Jeremy" (in both french and English). At the same time, innovative, and fresh DJ's spun the fuck out of old warehouses making a fortune.

That was just the fashion side. The music side started early on as well, when house DJ's at certain clubs such as The Phoenix, The Warehouse, The Dance Cave, Whiskey Saigon, and The Oz started playing retro religiously to little yappy '80's survivors who literally freaked every time "In a Big Country", or "Come on Eileen" pumped through the sound system. That was when the retro thing was vaguely cool. Now there's nothing really cool about it at all. I mean the songs are good, but they are also very annoying. Everything I turn the radio on Sunday nights, (the CFNY dial), I hear the same songs I hear every other week. In every other club, on every other retro compilation CD, or in every other Movie soundtrack.....pure disgust! If I hear "Birds Fly (Whisper to a Scream)" or "Video killed the Radio Star" any time soon I'll kill the fucking video star. Anyway, the positive thing to note is that a lot of people are getting sick of Retro too-- which in essence means it's on the way out. One word of warning though: beware of the new retro which will probably erupt full tilt in the year 2002.



Bell bottoms, Babes and 99 Red Balloons to be shot from the sky

An Introduction to Techno in Toronto

Lauren Speers

Sometimes school can get overwhelmingly intense and you might feel the urge to jump up and down, scream like a banshee and basically let out all your frustrations. While experiencing these emotions myself, I was forced to seek out a release that did not involve any bodily harm to myself, my nearest and dearest and the convenient inanimate objects that would smash satisfyingly but are often needed sometime in the future. When these situations arise, it is most productive to channel your energies in such a way that something positive occurs; a great way to let loose is to go dancing. Toronto has an amazing variety of venues that can provide you with any kind of music you might choose to seek out. All it takes is a copy of *Now* magazine (or the Herald) and your dancing shoes.

Now magazine, although it is THE guide to concerts, is not, however, definitive to the "underground" dancing world. This makes good sense—most "underground" stuff teeters on the edge of being promoted; that is to say that once you are at an evening at Fat City or the Beat Junkie, you will receive more flyers advertising similar evenings, but if you expect to find them at HMV or the Registrar's office, don't get your hopes up. I do not mean to tell you about all the events that occur on a weekly basis (that would take a long time, be boring and waste valuable column space), but there are a few that might get your dancing juices flowing.

Monday nights, MJ productions bring you Majic Mondays at Fat City (NE corner of Palmerston and Queen, two blocks West of Bathurst). These gals have been doing their Monday thang for years. They are familiar with the best DJs in the city and vary their line-up weekly to keep you interested (it works).

Tuesday is the day to check out the Beat Junkie (a glorious space sandwiched between two monster clubs, Joker and Whiskey Saigon, down on Richmond St. between Peter St. and John St., a block and a half East of Spadina). Toronto's celebrated Orum n' Bass DJs Marcus, Sniper, Mystical Influence and Split cook up a tasty treat of funky breaks to keep you groovin' and offer a packed, friendly dance floor, reasonably priced beverages and a patio with its own musical vibe. Also to be noted are the fine-looking, most personable staff. Five dollars gets you in and is well worth the trip to the bank machine.

Wednesday offers you Toronto's best kept secret (for FREE, this is unique) at the Hangar (yes, the Hangar in Sid Smith, NE corner of Huron and Wilcocks, deep in UofT land—but don't worry, it's deinstitutionalized by candles and black velvet curtains). Chillin' with Lucy is the spot where DJs themselves hang out and the rotating line-up of master spinners like Jarkko, Sugar Daddy Moth, Adam Marshall, David Cooper and Blotto serve up delectable musical treats for the palate of a dancin' fiend. Also of note are the up and coming DJs Pierre Redman, B. Destructikon Jon and Chocolate (support female DJs, there aren't enough of 'em.) Drinks are only three dollars, pool is a buck and they even have vids and foosball. The Hangar is the shit and Lucy night goes far to contradict the statement that you can't get anything for nothing. There is nothing like it anywhere else in T.O. and the vibe is so welcoming you just gotta love it. Needless to say, the music kicks butt.

Thursday lends rise to Blue at Fat City. This is the spot for some of the best House and Techno in the city (ha-ha) and features residents Adam Marshall and Lotus plus weekly guests of international stature par excellence. Five dollars gets you in, the vibe is hip, hot and heavy.

Friday is Flux night, above Bar Inferno at Queen and Euclid, three blocks West o' Bathurst. This is the only live Techno weekly event and features world-reckoned artists and the nicest bar on Queen. It is almost as aesthetically pleasing as it is musically, and is truly "underground". Also Bauhaus on Mercer St. gives you "Work", a Jennstar production featuring the likes of Kenny Glasgow and David Cooper for the House-inclined crowd.

Saturday nights are variable, you can find flyers advertising most worthwhile events at Speed (a little east of Spadina on Queen, the coolest clothing and record shop around), Play de Record (350 something Yonge on the East side North of Dundas) and Noise (an over-priced raver clothing store, near Speed on Queen). I hope to see all of you at any of these nights and trust me, they're all good evenings put on by nice people that want to give you the best music and dancing opportunities available. Check 'em out and dance your worries away.

Review

James Shaw

LIFE ON THE CLOCK

mainstream recordings

I had the good fortune of meeting James Shaw and his band of merrymen a little while back. They were playing some high-tech, radio-friendly pop under the name of Electrolux, all complete with ska beats and adult/contemporary lyrics. Now the so, so shy Mr. Shaw has transformed from his presidents' choice "Memories of the Clash" into a digital magnet complete with samples, beats and (dare it be said) gentle melodies.

This sole effort, *Life on the Clock*, is a tribute to the metamorphosis of northern identity, forced by elements beyond our control to hibernate through colder months. I think I recall Shaw talking about how the persuasive Montreal weather took part in the recording and cocooning process. While you won't find ecstatic screams for freedom, the second selection, "Down", features the lovely voice of Emily Haines (a talented musician in her own right and Shaw's girlfriend) but even beneath saturated chorusing effects on her voice the joy of understanding breaks through the conservative message.

One of the highlights for the listener might well be track four, "Ellah", a dub plate exciting in its arrangement but much too short in length. For DJs it is a must have for mixing, as it blends easily with dancehall rants and house music chants. The gentle sound of the drum programming creates a hypnotic, enticing sound. At the same time, most of the record would pass as a good soundtrack geared towards a thirtysomething crowd. With its Portishead sound, *Life on the Clock* is definitely worthy of some wider acclaim and critique.

University students enrolled in the 1997-1998 calendar year have the good fortune of being able to watch performances of this new sound from Shaw. In the coming months, there will be performances at Lee's Palace (located on Bloor St. just east of Bathurst on the South side) that will be enhanced with the addition of live musicians giving their spin on Shaw's newest effort. This should include live drums along with samples, guitar, keyboards and bass humming through. Make an effort to spread this knowledge to your friends.

In the Studio with 29 Pictures

Karen Elliot

On a gloomy Sunday (the day, not the song) in May, I got the rare opportunity to see and hear the making of the debut CD by 29 Pictures. These folks have been around Innis for the last couple of years, playing an aggressive style of pop music and making nuisances of themselves by being blatantly talented in the face of mediocrity. For the last few months they have been in seclusion, laying down tracks for their CD, due for release in mid-September.

I was interested in knowing what they had been up to, so I coerced one of the members into letting me sit in on a session. When I arrived I was surprised by the set-up that they were using. I knew that one of the guitarists, Mike Audet, owned all of the recording equipment, and so I expected a bunch of microphones, a mixer and a recording deck. This would allow them to record live off the floor, which is unsophisticated but will at least garner results. What I saw was an isolated room with a professional-quality microphone and monitor headphones, and a recording room for mixing and recording multiple, high-resolution digital tracks.

I then got a chance to listen to what they had completed. I was treated to music of tremendous aural richness, complex without being cluttered and delightfully easy to listen to. It was instantly recognizable as the music that I had heard in concert, but the effect of all of the noise inherent in live performance removed, and as many as twenty tracks layered into the mix, was extraordinary, as if hearing the songs for the first time. The band members' lifetimes of study of pop music shows clearly in these recordings. The hooks are bright and sharp, the melodies surprising and pleasing and the words memorable. The excellence of the recording and the depth of the production allows these songs to be listened to over and over again, each time revealing some new and intricate nuance of the music. Taking a page out of Alanis Morissette's book, (whatever your opinion of her, she has been tremendously successful) several of the songs on the album have single potential. Keep an ear to the ground for 29 Pictures, with an upcoming CD release party and at the Frosh Week near you.

A Blurb on Blur

Amy Newforque

There are a lot of people who really hate Brit-Pop out there, just as there were many people who hated Seattle Grunge in the early '90s. Enter Blur from Essex, England. Blur started their illustrative career in 1989, with Leisure and since then have already put out five other albums—which is essentially the same amount as U2 and R.E.M. put together in the '90s. Blur often gets tagged with the immature "Brit-Pop" label. This is not surprising since a lot of their tunes are really nice and "poppy", and yet they are arguably one of the most original British bands of this decade. Every single album they have released has a very unique flavor to it and every time they come to

Toronto they seem to sell out. Toronto is one of their most receptive cities; they've already been here twice in the last twelve months, and are coming again September 16th to the Varsity arena. If you have never experienced them live, then do check them out, or at least purchase a few of their albums. It's true that a lot of pre-pubescent girls love them, but that's a sorry excuse to ignore them. Blur is one of the few bands of the '90s that has stayed together and proved both their versatility and longevity by releasing six albums in eight years.



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The SummerWorks Drama Festival 1997

Kate Davis

The SummerWorks Drama Festival finished its seventh season this August, presenting a wide variety of short plays. The eleven-day festival included over two hundred performances taking place on four stages: the Tarragon Theatre Main Space and Extra Space, and the Factory Theatre Main Stage and Studio Café. All forty of the theatre companies that participated were Toronto-based, and for many, it was their first production. This is also the second year that SummerWorks has presented plays by Toronto Francophone companies. These productions included *Calice de Femmes*, about a mother's search for her missing child, and *L'Amant*, a bilingual play in which a married couple speak in English to explore their erotic identities. The Late Night Cabaret at the Factory Studio Café, a licensed series held when the other performances had ended for the day, was a new event this year. Two productions were featured: *The Paradise*, about a 1946 night club in Montreal, and *Mean To Me*, with jazz music from Carol Bolt and John Roby's new musical.



Love Is Wish You Were Blind, presented at the Tarragon Theatre by Faradee Rudy, was a comic and at times, painfully serious story of the relationships between a group of people sharing a house. The action took place in the living room, the set surrounded by a series of paintings depicting the evolution of humans. Two of the characters sat on the couch as the audience took their seats and TV theme songs played over the sound system. At first the music didn't appear to have any connection to the actual play, but later when scenes threatened to become too serious, upbeat tunes such as the 'Happy Days' theme song revealed a strong sense of irony. The cast was composed of a diverse group of characters. Marcia Muldoon played Gina, a

young lesbian struggling with the discovery that her former lover had recently 'turned' bi. William Darcangelo performed his first 'drag' role as Suresh, an enchanting drag queen with an intelligent and witty sense of humour. Also sharing the living quarters were Evan (artist) and Melissa, a couple of sophisticate 'fuc' buddies'. The story began to unfold upon the arrival of Janiera, a naive girl from the prairies (compared to Mary Tyler Moore) who was invited to move in by Melissa. Relationships became tense as soon as Evan, with no warning, discovered the new roommate. A 'love parallelogram' ensued with dramatic consequences: the artist's work was destroyed and Suresh received a nasty stab to the hand. The performances were all strong at times, but the characters became much more believable once the confrontations began. A love story which could have become cliché was kept original through unexpected twists of plot; rather than being viewed as the victim of Evan and Janiera's 'affair', Melissa became the villain. Gina provided insight to her true motives, when she confronted Melissa with the fact that she had carefully chosen her roommates (gay or supposedly naive and undesirable) so that they would not pose a threat to her relationship with Evan. Her destruction of the basis of [Evan's] artistic identity' was unforgivable. Through well-written and revealing dialogue, as well as excellent use of body language, all of the characters became very human. The audience was obviously amused during a short sequence when Evan was trying to untangle himself from Janiera and get off the couch the 'morning after'. Even the most intense moments were marked by Suresh's humorous statements. By the end of the play, he marvelled, 'And society says I'm the fucked up one!'

Running: Three Short Plays was an extreme departure from the intimate and emotional atmosphere of Rudy's play. This production at the Factory Theatre, was an innovative approach to the study of human behaviour in a modern world. Instead of presenting each play consecutively, playwright Robert Tsosnos fragmented the chain of events so that scenes jumped

from play to play. There was literally no set for this production. The dark and empty space immediately created a sense of isolation and detachment. The 'first' part was, as the title would suggest, about running and the competition between the two men involved. The 'second' part was a disturbing observation of technology and its effects on human beings, with the 'final' part consisting of an equally unsettling and clinical routine of 'preparing the body' after death.

The running account followed the races between two men who were adamant that 'something has to be at stake'. Their intense and sweaty conviction was the basis of their belief that the 'stakes always get higher'. This notion hinted at the direction of the play, as the audience may have suspected early on that the events would take a sinister turn. Humour had a strange and at times unexpected place in the play. The ambiguity of the runner 'smoking up' after finishing the race sparked some reaction from the audience, but the runner missing the starting gun was a more feeble attempt at comedy. The comic aspect of this play was much more successful when it was revealed in subtleties of dialogue. The 'cell phone' addicts in the second play were oddly familiar as they apologized for their call 'on the other line'. Although the audience laughed at the time, this familiarity became uneasiness as the fundamentally robotic nature of their lives was revealed. This 'story' became an ugly view of how technology can 'mass produce' human beings. During these scenes, the actors were all similarly dressed in black suits, and often delivered the same lines simultaneously, in a rather harsh and monotonous tone. Phrases were short and concise; 'her data belongs to me', 'I see'. It was an interesting way of envisioning what is absent in a technological world as the characters interacted physically while talking to each other on the phone.

Through the juxtaposition of the different settings, the connections based on the themes of competition, death and ritual were powerful. The 'rat race' became related to the runners' race, as each became an obsession and a form of addiction. As the runners were constantly driven to increase the intensity, it was highly ironic when they spoke of 'self-control'. They adamantly explained to a third runner that 'it's not a game'. In fact, the race becomes a matter of life and death. Finally, it is requested that the third man be a 'witness' to their 'last race'. Symbolism played an important role in Robert Tsosnos' work, and was enhanced through creative lighting and sound. All of the actors displayed incredible ability to completely alter persona and mood in a matter of seconds, from the adrenaline-pumped state of the runners to the disturbing calm, dream-like state of the death ceremony. At the same time, the 'suits' experience a moment of truth as the woman explains that leaving all of her technology to her partner is 'contingent' on his speaking to her without the phone. The fear of losing is an overpowering force in this play, but in the end, failure is imminent, and the 'morticians' wait at the finishing line (symbolically the same white band that they use to prepare their bodies). As they observe the runners, they sadly state, 'This is a unique and individual person, unlike any who has existed before or will exist again.'

The Juliet Chronicles, also performed at the Factory Theatre, offered a unique glimpse into the mind of Shakespeare's tragic character, as she lies unconscious after taking the Friar's 'death' potion. In this work, Lidia Cancilliere has attempted to "put the unconscious into 'real' or stage time". Although we are able to follow the chain of events that lead Romeo to his end in the original story, Juliet's motives have always been somewhat of a mystery. Cancilliere plays the lead in this production and expresses the thoughts and feelings of Juliet with tremendous insight. The piece was originally a monologue, but the addition of a chorus (including Tybalt, the Friar, Romeo, the Nurse, Capulet and Lady Capulet, Paris and the Apothecary) and a second Juliet allowed for much more creativity. During the play, Juliet observes herself and her mourners and reflects on her past, present and future as she moves among them. The language was poetic and extremely expressive, a style which related well to the communication of Juliet's thoughts and memories. The mood was haunting and the timing of the chorus, music and light changes created a seamless flood of emotions. The rendering of an old story in a modern setting was very successful in creating a sense of immediacy, allowing the audience to relate to the characters on a more direct level. In the playwright's own words, "Juliet lived then, but she could live now."

The development of the artist is an important aspect of the festival. As artists experiment with a variety of concepts and ideas, composition and presentation, the results are almost always dramatic and thought-provoking, or at least entertaining. Both theatres hold productions during the year, so if you are interested in theatre-going, the Tarragon Theatre is located at 30 Bridgeman Avenue (one block north of Dupont, one block East of Bathurst) and the Factory Theatre is located at 125 Bathurst (on the corner of Bathurst and Adelaide).

Entertaining yourself on a Student Budget

Antonia Yee

Just because you're broke doesn't mean that you can't have a good time at university. We spend enough on torture and torment when we pay tuition, but entertainment can and should be cheaper. As students, we are entitled to numerous discounts and deals. Take advantage of them! Use the coupon book that you will find in your fresh kit. Take advantage of the savings in the course calendar. Be aware of what your mandatory student fees have bought you; almost all prescription drugs (which can be amusing and entertaining) are discounted 80% with your student health card (except, of course, birth control pills—which can be purchased from the Koffler Health Centre at cost). Join the clubs and societies at your college or faculty. Attend free movie screenings on campus. The Arbour Room at Hart House often has free jazz nights. Hart House and the Athletic Centre have a lot of recreation facilities which are free for your use. You may be thinking, 'hey, this isn't free, I've paid exorbitant student fees for all this', and you're right. Take advantage of what you've already paid for. Naturally, we can't spend all our time on campus when there's a big city like Toronto surrounding us. Entertainment in the city, can be fairly inexpensive. Listed below are a few tips in order to help you entertain yourself on even the strictest of budgets.

Cultural Entertainment

The Art Gallery of Ontario (AGO) is free Wednesday nights from 5:30 until close. The Royal Ontario Museum is "pay what you can" on Tuesday nights from 4:30pm until close—this means that it is free to starving students such as ourselves. The Bata Shoe Museum (that mysterious building on the southwest corner of Bloor and St. George) is free the first Tuesday of every month. Rush tickets for the symphony at Roy Thomson Hall are incredibly cheap. Theatres production, both amateur and professional always have student rates. The big musicals and theatre shows in Toronto always have crazy-cheap tickets "on selected shows". Sure, you'll probably see a matinee, but it's worth it.

Food & Drink

Cora's and Papa Ceo's, located at the NW corner of Spadina and Harbord have fairly priced slices and are open 'til the wee hours of the morning. Pizza Gigi, near Harbord and Bathurst also has gourmet slices at reasonable prices. Which is the best pizza joint? Try them all and join the long-standing UofT debate...Cora's!...no Papa Ceo's!...now way, gotta be Gigi's. Sneaky Dee's, at the corner of College St. and Bathurst, gives generous portions, and tasty food for the price! One of the best values for your dollar. They feature an extensive menu, largely Mexican-oriented, but certainly not exclusive. They have great all-day breakfasts! They're a definite must.

For cheap, not quality drinks...Bistro 422, has the cheapest drinks that I've come across in the city. Conveniently situated across the street from Sneaky Dee's, Bistro 422 has Pitchers for as cheap as \$8. 'beer-in-a-bucket' specials and the cheapest shooters around. Cheesee—the best cheese is to be had at Kensington Market. The two stores side by side. (Global cheese and something else) are so cheap you'll never buy cheese at a grocery store again. Kensington Market and Chinatown also sell cheap produce.

Movies

You can go to the movies any night of the week for \$8. If you go on Tuesdays, or to matinees, you only have to pay \$4.99. Alternatively, you can watch movies at a second run 'rep' theatre, such as the Bloor Cinema, for only \$6.50 for regular movies, \$7 for features. Better yet, you can buy a 1998 Festival membership card at the ticket office for only \$6, and you see regular movies for \$3.50, premier features for \$4 all year long in any of the five 'rep' theatres. You can rent a movie for \$2.50-\$4...but sometimes that just doesn't cut it; you need to go out. Finally, you can watch weekly screenings at colleges all over campus for FREE. The choice is yours.

[Eds. If you have any suggestions for our readers, or come across a really great deal, write to the Herald and let us know! We'll publish our reader's tips in upcoming issues.]

Horton hears intriguing news: "The Seussical" coming in 1999

Cass Enright

I realize that this is a long way off, but I could not resist sharing this news with the University. Earlier this summer, Livent Inc., the Toronto-based theatre production company, announced that they had acquired the rights to the works of Dr. Seuss with the intention of developing a new Broadway musical entitled "The Seussical." I am not much of a theatre aficionado, but this news stirred a real excitement in me. Dr. Seuss is undoubtedly something that all of us experienced and enjoyed in youth, and for some, into adulthood. From *Green Eggs and Ham* to the animated special of *The Grinch Who Stole Christmas*, Dr. Seuss' characters and phrases are embedded into our personalities. This is an event, expected in early 1999, that everyone should mark on their mental calendars.

"In 39 of his books under the pen name of Dr. Seuss, Ted Geisel wrote about imagination as our greatest ally in getting through the ups and downs of life," said Garth H. Drabinsky, Chairman of Livent Inc. Fortunately for all first year students, "The Seussical" should be able to help you get through the ups and downs of the end of your second year.

"The Seussical" will be a book musical, not a revue, with a strong storyline. Livent has commissioned Ken Ludwig, author of the script for the musical "Crazy for You" and the play "Lend Me a Tenor", to fuse Dr. Seuss' characters and stories into a condensed performance. The process of developing "The Seussical" will be achieved through a series of readings and workshops, similar to the pre-production of Livent's current play, "Ragtime". A composer and lyricist will not be sought by Livent until Ludwig has drafted a treatment of the Seuss stories. It is expected that "The Seussical" will feature such favourite characters as the Grinch, Horton the Elephant, the Sneetches and Sam I Am. The Cat in the Hat will serve as the audience's guide into the world of Dr. Seuss.

The spring of 1999 will feature two events which I am looking forward to immensely, yet the events themselves reflect back to my childhood. I am referring, of course, to the new Star Wars film and "The Seussical". I cannot say which had a greater impact during my childhood years, Star Wars or the fiction I read, notably Dr. Seuss. However, both will be enjoyed simultaneously, serving as a brief flashback into innocence as I trudge through experience.

Eating on Campus: The 1997 Food Survey at a Glance

Antonia Yee

Whether you want to or not, it is likely that each one of you reading this article will eat on campus at some time during the year. Many of you already have meal plans, and the commuters quickly tire of soggy peanut-butter and jelly sandwiches day after day. The question, then, arises—where should I eat? Fortunately, Terri Nikolaevsky, the Research and Liaison Officer of the Students' Administrative Council (SAC) undertook the immense task of organizing a food services review, of which the findings were published near the end of last school year. Although the report is much more comprehensive than it appears here, I will endeavour to summarize a few helpful statistics with which to guide your choices of on-campus cuisine.

Students received the greatest overall satisfaction with the food served at Ned's Café, the Arbour Room in Hart House and the Innis College Café. Vegetarians hailed Ned's Café, Trinity College's Melinda Seaman St. Hilda's and the Innis College Café as best meeting their dietary needs. A staggering ninety-two percent of students surveyed at New College's Wilson Hall indicated that the variety of food offered there did not meet their needs. Eighty-nine percent of students made similar claims about Erindale College's Main Cafeteria.

The Arbour Room, Ned's Café and the Medical Science Cafeteria were reported to have the most student satisfaction with the quality of the meals served.

The friendliest and most courteous service, according to students, is found in the Loretto College Cafeteria at St. Mike's College, Victoria College's Burwash Hall, the Innis College Café and the Arbour Room. Those of you who choose to eat at the Sanford Fleming Cafeteria beware: forty-eight percent of students confessed that employees of the cafeteria were neither friendly, nor courteous. Don't expect your meal served with a smile.

Ned's Café and Loretto College scored perfect marks in the cleanliness category. Trinity College's Melinda Seaman St. Hilda's was a close runner-up. On the other hand, an alarming sixty percent of students eating at the Sidney Smith Cafeteria found the eating area to be

Innis invites everyone and their mothers to join us on Wednesday, September 3rd at 8pm for our all-nite movie night held in Town Hall, UofT's only Movie Theatre, 2 Sussex Avenue. Come see *Addicted to Love*, *Anacanda* and *The Fifth Element* on our new WIDESCREEN!!

The Famous Players Duo reviews the films *Kiss Me Guido*, and *The Conspiracy Theory*

Shawn & Heather

Hi, we're Shawn and Heather, the famous team from Famous Players and we'll be your guide to this year's hottest movies! We work at the Plaza Cinema at Bloor and Yonge functioning as popcorn scoopers and Bezel toppers, and as such, we are automatically qualified to write this article. We decided to take advantage of the jobs' only perk, aside from the high profile \$6.85/hr. and concession commissions, to bring you movie reviews. We took in the star studded blockbuster *Conspiracy Theory* and the gay frolic, *Kiss Me Guido*, which by now are no longer in theatres. We hope our future reviews will be more current.

We'll begin with *Conspiracy Theory* starring Mel Gibson as Jerry Fletcher, Julia Roberts as Alice Sutton and Patrick Stewart as Dr. Jonas. Jerry, an extremely paranoid schizophrenic has a mild obsession with Alice as an employee of the Justice Department. As the title suggests, Jerry has a number of seemingly outlandish conspiracy theories which he takes to Alice - his only confidant. At first she doesn't take him seriously but after several incidents she begins to wonder about the truth. The audience is soon swept up in the mystery and intrigue.

Although intelligently written, the plot can become slightly confusing if you don't listen closely. However, good action scenes and convincing star performances make this a worthwhile film. Our only real complaint was the Hollywood clichéd romance that develops between Alice and Jerry. Shawn could have done without this aspect, unless Dr. Jonas and Mel were two Calvin Klein hard bodies. Heather would have preferred sex and full frontal nudity.

Kiss Me Guido featured Nick Scott (from Y & R fame) as Frankie Guido. Anthony Barile played opposite him as Warren, a gay actor in desperate need of a roommate. The limited plot is basically as follows: naïve homophobic Italian Frankie sees an ad in the paper requesting a roommate. Misunderstanding GWM to stand for "Guy with Money" Frankie is eager to move in with Warren, who, thinking Frankie gay, is more than happy to have this stud move in. SURPRISE! Things get really complicated here! Eventually we learn, an hour and a half later, that it is possible for gays and guidos to "get along." How heart-warming, and innovative thought. Jam packed with bad acting, bad scriptwriting and poorly played upon stereotypes. This movie got real boring, real fast. Nevertheless, humour and some "cute" moments made this a must see...on video. We did, however, appreciate the social message trying to get across and the many gratuitous shots of Frankie's Buffed Bod!

Kiss Me Guido
Conspiracy Theory

Heather
C-
B+

Shawn
D
B+

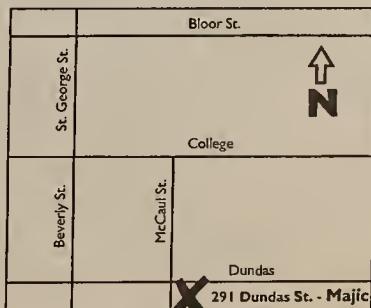
unclean!
Service line-ups are least annoying at the Arbour Room, Trinity College's Melinda Seaman St. Hilda's and Victoria College's Burwash Hall. Good food on the go.
Ned's Café outranked all other eateries by far when students were asked if they were satisfied with the value for cash-paid meals, excluding meal plans. Distant runners-up include the Arbour room and Loretto College. New College's Wilson Hall and Victoria College's Burwash Hall diners felt that they received the least value for the cost of the meal.

BEGINNING THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1997...

LIQUID THURSDAYS AT majic

U OF T NIGHT
EVERY THURSDAY

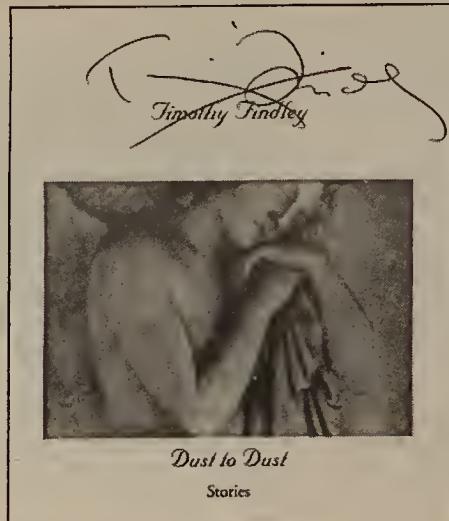
CHEAP COVER WITH A U OF T STUDENT CARD
CHEAP EVERYTHING ELSE INSIDE
GUEST DJS EVERY WEEK



creations

letter from the editor

Welcome to the Creations page of the Innis Herald, your forum for fiction, poetry, songs, anecdotes or short serials. All submissions are welcome at the Herald office. The preferred format is on disk, with as little formatting as possible (Plain Text for Mac or ASCII for DOS), including name, pseudonym (if desired) and telephone number. Verse will be printed as received, unedited, so proof it yourself. Prose will be edited with permission. Longish work is welcome, shorter even more so. Creations is an open forum, and censorship will not be employed. However, ageism, sexism, racial or any other kind of prejudice will not be printed. Blasphemy, heresy and inflammatory commentary is fine. This page is only as good as the submissions, so write your fingers to the bone to make reading worthwhile.



Dust to Dust

literary review

Timothy Findley's new collection of short stories, *Dust to Dust*, (HarperCollins Pub., 1997, \$28 Hrdcvr) is, without question, some of his best work. After the publication of the trite and self-indulgent novella, *You Went Away*, last fall, there was some concern that Findley had lost his edge. *Dust to Dust* shows that his edge is as sharp as ever. These nine stories share a common theme; death, and yet they are not morbid or sad. These tales move with a slow ease of purpose that is refreshingly different from the frenetic pace that so much of print characters. The pace of these stories is stately, moving towards a slightly unwelcome but familiar destination with certainty, but utterly without haste. As each character faces the spectre, they do so without bitterness or resignation, but rather embrace this aspect of life that is as natural and essential as birth.

In *Dust to Dust*, Findley returns to the clean, spare style of prose that characterized his 1988 collection of short stories, *Stones*, for which he won the Trillium Award. This shows Findley at his best, with all the talent and elegance of his predecessors in the genre; Hemingway, Munro, Carver, Cheever. The new stories also recall *Stones* in other ways, with echoing imagery and props as familiar to Findley fans as the smells of home; bottles of Côtes du Rhône, cigarettes and the streets of Toronto. Findley also returns to Bragg and Minna, characters who peopled two of the stories in *Stones*, and appear in two stories in *Dust to Dust*. These characters are as resplendent as ever, with their shocking cruelty and paradoxical love.

Also resurrected in this book is Vanessa Van Horne, from the novel *The Telling Of Lies*. In her story, "Abracadaver", Vanessa is once again faced with a mysterious death, which she stumblingly solves. This story is one of the weak points of the collection, as it relies for its charm on a presumed fondness and familiarity with the character which cannot be reasonably assumed.

This collection is at its best when it leaves familiar territory, and strikes out in new directions. "Kellerman's Windows" is a beautiful little story about the attempt to make death make sense. "Americana" is a disturbing look at what people need from their soldiers after the fighting ends. One of the neatest stories in the collection is "Infidelity", borrowing heavily but with great success from Hemingway, its charm is that even as the plot ties up all the loose ends, the images remain with the reader long afterwards.

Dust to Dust is an excellent read, and an example of Canadian writing at its best. Still, if searching for an introduction to Timothy Findley, *Stones* is the superior work, equally easy to read but richer and more even. Besides, it is in paperback, and few students on a budget can afford more expensive books.

Sarah Miller

"Read, read, read. Read everything—trash, classics, good and bad, and see how they do it. Just like a carpenter who works as an apprentice and studies the mast. Read! You'll absorb it. Then write. If it is good, you'll find out. If it's not, throw it out the window." William Faulkner

Based on a True Story

story

She is standing close to her husband, talking in excited tones about the play. She is startled by the loud, sharp crack and the whistling wind that comes from nowhere. The screaming starts, deafening. The agony of the people and horses around her claws at her mind. She feels a wet, fragrant spray, and looks to her husband. He is holding a hand, and pointing the fountain-like stump of his left arm at her. She turns to shield her baby from it. She looks at the swaddles in her arms. At the clean white cloth wrapping a mess of blood and pulp. Blackness.

"This is another one we found after the assassination attempt. An example of catatonia. Harmless. She can't eat in that state, so I don't expect her to last long. Let me show you what we are doing with electricity."

Out of the grey and into the light.

There is shrieking and moaning. I am afraid to open my eyes. I feel myself and my surroundings. I am naked, cold and sitting on a stone floor. I open my eyes. There are naked women all around. One is hitting her head against the wall, over and over and over. Some are moaning and touching themselves. One is banging on a heavy wooden door, shouting about how she doesn't belong here. There is one in the corner looking at me. She has a dark pudding in her cupped hands, which she has been eating. She sees me watching her and throws the food at me. It splatters me from head to toe. The smell hits me like a fist and I flee toward the grey.

The light is poking at me, prodding me. I go to the light to make it stop touching me. I open my eyes. It is dark and there are women all around me, touching me. One touches me down there and I shudder and pull back. One begins to scream at me and grabs my hair. I try to pull away but she is strong and she hits my head on the wall and bites my cheek. The grey beckons.

It is still and quiet in the grey but the light is always there. I know that the light is the real world. But in the real world I am locked in a madhouse. I can't return to the real world. They will do things to me in the light. I reach out for the black. The light fades until I can hardly see the grey anymore. The grey does not pull at me. It is quiet in the black.

"Is she cold?"

"Yes."

"Is she dead?"

"Probably."

"Good enough."

Something has changed.

I have thought about it for a while, and I will brave the madhouse so that I can go back to my family, back to my baby. There is something that I need to remember about my baby. I will remember when I see him. I go to the grey. I brace myself, to go to the light, but the light is moving away and I am falling back to the black. I struggle and reach the light. All is black, but this is not the black. I feel a weight crushing me. I am covered in dirt. I cannot breathe, I cannot scream. My struggles are muted by the pressure of the earth. I flee to the black for the last time. In the darkest black I find another light.

Rose Parker

The New Girl

poem

2 nights I day and she was near
dark trippers and adoring fear
The stone face kissed the ancient tree
drunk and free
and careless

The boy who claimed the reckless side
the mad desire finally died
Songs and stripes through rainy days
more broken ways
to mend

She turned into a daffodil
painted on the windowsill
Green moods that made the records fly
the reasons why
they wondered

The inside out and spinning blue
the new girl froze her life in two
And red's discussing things with black
as dreamers pack
for someday

Kate Davis



Agent I.R.A.ngelic

poem

Such a sweet boy
And aren't you all grown up

But life is not so rosy
And the future's not so bright
Now don't you feel too tired to fight

Busy planting your eccentric explosions
You've got that itchy green thumb
While the sun is out
Sure you know what it's all about

Exhilaration
Imitation
Integration

Intoxication is not the same
Old friend

Go listen to your bombshells
Familiar music to your ears
Growing louder through the years



And if you shut your eyes
You can hear the waves
Beat down your door
A little madder than before

Kate Davis

On the Road. Again

essay

The first time I hit the road it was on a mission from God. Not that I realized it at the time, of course. I had turned in all my summer savings for a trip to California, bought some American dollars, rented out my apartment and filled up my car with the menial necessities for life, acquired a Road Atlas from the American Automobile Association, filled up with a half tank of gas, enough to get me to the border, then I pushed it in first and released the clutch.

I certainly wasn't Woody Guthrie, or Bob Dylan or Jack Kerouac, but rolling across the flat, aching prairies of Wyoming, driving beneath the starlit desert night of Nevada, it certainly felt like the road.

I had read the books, seen the movies and heard the records, of course. We all have, and we all know about the road: it stretches into infinity and you don't pass another car for miles. It has diners and motels and twinkling neon "Vacancy" signs; it has kicks and self-discovery and the promise of redemption. The road is the most potent and enduring of all America's myths. The road has always been there, of course, and people have always been on it, but for the sake of argument, the myth begins with Kerouac. *On the Road* was published in 1957, at a time when the American frontier was being rolled back under a carpet of tarmac; the automobiles being churned out by the production lines of Detroit brought the promise of a new mobility and freedom; the bland uniformity of postwar America offered something to rebel against.

On the Road's idea of kicks - one night stands, smoking tea, bopping to George Shearing, might seem quaint and anodyne by today's standards, but in his depiction of Neal Cassady (Dean Moriarty in the book), Kerouac shaped an indestructible prototype of the unfettered spirit, restless to burst free of conformity, to seek God in the wide open spaces, to hit the road, wherever the destination, whatever the consequences.

"I mean, man, whither goes thou?" asks the poet Carlo Marx (Allen Ginsberg).

"Whither goes thou, America, in the shiny car in the night?"

"Whither goes thou?" echoed Dean with his mouth open. We sat and didn't know what to say; there was nothing to talk about any more. The only thing was to go... "

If *On the Road* sowed the seeds, rock 'n' roll brought them to fruition. Chuck Berry articulated the idea of California as the new Jerusalem in his song "Promised Land"; Bobby Troup's "Route 66" - the greatest road song of them all - provided the road signs: "It runs from St. Louis, down to Missouri, Oklahoma City is oh-so pretty..." Berry was the most eloquent spokesman for his dreamscape. His song "Back in the USA"

go, go, go.

was a sublimely dumb litany of all the reasons to pack your bags and go there immediately: freeways, jukeboxes, corner cafes "where a hamburger sizzles on an open griddle all day". Berry's America was a teen heaven of big-finned machines, bobby-sox sweethearts and the endless tug of the big beat. "Anything you want they got it right here in the USA."

Viewed from Canada, it looked like heaven. The Americans, as the film director Wim Wenders once observed, did not need to conquer the world; they "colonized our subconscious", and the myth of the road paved with infinite possibilities was part of that. The sense of a country in love with itself and with its own mythology echoes throughout American pop and country songs of the Fifties and Sixties. "24 Hours From Tulsa", "Do You Know The Way To San Jose?", "What Made Milwaukee Famous..." - songs that made the places sound like somewhere you wanted to go.

There is no Canadian equivalent of this. Canada is too parochial, too British to afford the endless vistas, real and metaphorical, which America provides. You can drive across the plains of Oklahoma, the prairies of Texas, the high deserts of Utah and Arizona, and the sky is vast and bird's-egg blue, the road goes on forever, the signposts are poems - Gallup, Rife, Truth and Consequences. This need to move is innate to America, grounded in the belief that life could be better somewhere else, if only one could find where that somewhere is. America is a country that was born on wheels. This theme is poignantly captured in the short stories of Richard Ford, with their themes of dislocated dreamers upping sticks and heading out for the promise of a better life.

"Cleo drank brandy", Ford writes in *Rock Springs*, "and said since she left California several years ago, she'd had several jobs but couldn't seem to find herself 'getting focused'. She'd lived in Boise, she said, doing hair. She'd lived in Salt Lake. She'd gone back to California and gotten married again, but that hadn't lasted. She'd gone to Seattle then, and come close as she ever would to a steady job in a shopping center up in Bellingham. After that she had gone on unemployment for a year. She'd told him her whole life in ten minutes, and once the telling was finished the life itself seemed over too."

The road is where you find yourself, but equally where you might lose yourself, for whatever the possibilities it offers, ultimately there is no escaping from the limitation of self.

Ford's rootless dreamer is an American stereotype, unusual only in the fact that she is a woman. For the lure of the road is traditionally a boy kind of a thing. As much as *On the Road* was a romantic evocation of freedom, it was a celebration - almost a definition - of buddy values. Kerouac/Sal Paradise and Cassidy/Dean Moriarty were the Butch Cassidy and Sundance Kid of the Beats. And it is no coincidence that the most strongly drawn female character in the book is Sal's unnamed "aunt" - actually Kerouac's mother Memere, to whose apron the author remained tied throughout his life. When Thelma and Louise tore across Monument Valley in their soft-top Thunderbird they were not only repeating cinema cliché, but also appropriating one of the last enduring images of the rite of male passage. For the road, the mythology tells us, is where a man may cut the bonds of domestic constraints, pursue his own inexorable destiny, and if not exactly come to manhood then, at the very least, find some respite from its more tiresome and onerous responsibilities.

This equation of youth, wheels and the open road has been endlessly explored in music and cinema - Peter Fonda's Captain America and his sidekick Billy in "Easy Rider"; road movies like "Vanishing Point" and "Two Lane Blacktop", as well as Terence Malick's "Badlands", which plays to a darker convention, with its theme of the road as a killing ground for star-crossed lovers - echoed in Oliver Stone's "Natural Born Killers".

The road movie, the road song, the road advert ... like an old blues-man plucking his guitar on the porch, waiting for the offer of a beer commercial, the myth has grown weary with time, diminished through repetition to the status of a tired and shopworn cliché.

So familiar have the constituents become - the hot convertible, the rock 'n' roll soundtrack, the tumbleweeds blowing across an open road, the telegraph poles shimmering in a heat haze that it is almost impossible now to take this journey without feeling part of a commercial for beer or jeans or chewing gum. What these images are selling, of course, are not simply the artifacts of America, not even its geography, but a vision of the one commodity that can't be bought - freedom: the freedom of anonymity, the sense of weightlessness and the possibilities of reinvention which come when you wipe the slate clean, slip the moorings of your past, and go, go, go.

The French poet Larboud-Barabooth wrote: "I experienced for the first time all the joy of living in a compartment of the Nord Express." You might equally substitute the Amtrak to New York, the road to Steamboat Springs, or even the transit lounge of Los Angeles airport.

For if heaven exists in those irrational and sublime moments when happiness falls like cool rain - when you are stricken with the realization not that you were happy yesterday, or the day before yesterday, but that you are happy now - then sitting in the Los Angeles airport is the closest I have come to being there. There among the bland neon and the molded-plastic chairs waiting for a midnight flight to New Orleans - the Crescent City! The drizzle and the static of the flight announcements seemed to be whispering in the voices of Sal Paradise, Dean Moriarty and anybody who'd ever felt the glorious shiver of anticipation at leaving behind whatever there was to leave behind and finding whatever there was to find - Yes! Yes! Yes! The absolute certainty of the moment; no past, no future, only now. I suppose it could have happened at Toronto, Ottawa, Calgary or Vancouver ... but I doubt it.

Saurabh Sharma

Last Payment

monologue

That's it. The last payment on my student loan. I wish I knew how to feel. I should be elated, I suppose, to have that damned albatross from around my neck, but I don't. I used to think that the phrase "powerfully ambivalent" was stupid. After all, how can you strongly feel nothing in particular? Well, I know how now.

I suppose that whole time we were drawing apart, learning to do different things, training for different lives. I thought that we would keep in touch when we finished, naively I suppose. We were moving apart so slowly that we

could not see it, but after graduation it was like springs expanding, and everyone moved apart so fast, in every direction except toward. Staying on to do my Masters was a bit like being at the center of the universe at the big bang; I used to be somewhere important, but suddenly I was where no one needed to be anymore. I don't know why that memory still hurts, it's been twenty-eight years.

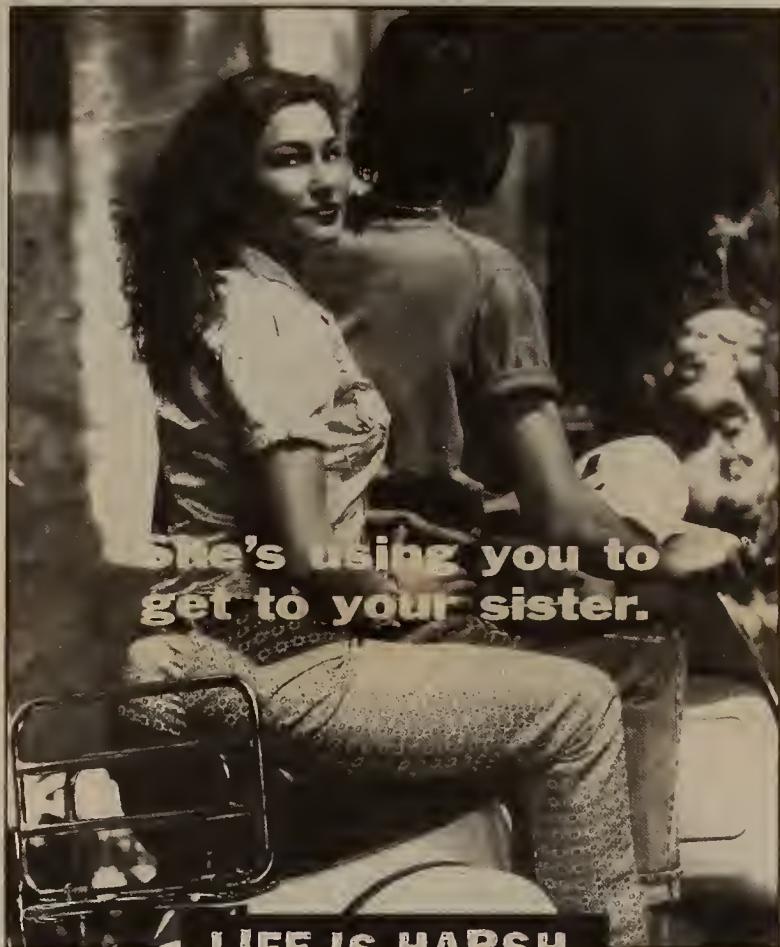
The signs were all there at the time, when everyone was finding jobs to get through school after they cut government funding completely. Both school and work full-time made us all so busy that last year that we hardly saw each other. Still, we were the core group at the college, thick as thieves, even during exam season. I couldn't really imagine being too busy for the people I cared about. Still, when it happened I barely noticed - too busy. Now it's too late. I could call all those numbers, but right now I can't think of anything sadder than the sound of the voice of the computer telling me that that number is out of service, or worse, the awkwardness of being a wrong number over and over.

Would my old friends even be happy to see me? I remember meeting a couple of friends from high school, in third year, in a mall somewhere. It was great to see them, for about two minutes, and then the conversation ran out. We stood there, staring at each other, the smiles of recognition growing stale on our faces while we searched vainly for something to say. The moment we knew each other in had passed, but appearances don't change, even when you should no longer be recognized as the same person you used to be.

I won't call anyone. Making this last payment has left a lump in my throat that I would not appreciate if it had been caused by an old "friend". I suppose I'll just keep all this to myself. No use bothering anyone about the old days. Keep my thoughts to myself and let the past slip away. It happened once, and didn't seem to hurt, at the time.

Gregory Rice





**She's using you to
get to your sister.**

LIFE IS HARSH.

Your tequila shouldn't be.

SAUZA "CONMEMORATIVO."
THE SMOOTHER, OAK-AGED TEQUILA.

